

John Lloyd



VIRGIL'S Æneid,

Translated

By Mr. PITT.



THE HISTORY OF THE

VIRGIL'S AENEID

TRANSLATED

BY MR. PITT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Virgilius Maro (P.) [Peregrinus English]
THE

ÆNEID
O F
VIRGIL.

Translated by Mr. PITT.

-----*Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis*
Captus amore leget. VIRG.



L O N D O N :
Printed by J. HUGHS, in Lincoln's-inn-fields.
For ROBERT DODSLEY at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall.
M.DCC.KLIII.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

Translated by Mr. Pitt.

Capitulum emere legat.
Virg.



LONDON:
Printed by J. Hoare, in Lincoln's-inn-fields.
For Robert Dodsley at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall.
MDCCLIII.

DEDICATION
ROYAL HIGHNESS; it may be said
that You have reason and need of
; nor do I foresee that objection;
To His ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICK
PRINCE of WALES.

May it please Your ROYAL HIGHNESS,

I AM not so vain as to think this translation, in itself, worthy of You; it is the name of VIRGIL, and the subject of his poem, that must excuse me to your ROYAL HIGHNESS. As it treats of a Prince, whose chief character is Humanity and Good-nature, I know not where it could be address'd so properly. He is a Prince of all the most amiable qualities; a preserver of the State; a lover of his People; and a friend to Mankind. In this view, I know but one impropriety that can be objected to my offering it to your

iv DEDICATION.

ROYAL HIGHNESS ; it may be said, that You have scarce any need of such a pattern. I foresaw that objection ; and am glad to own that it is a strong one. However, it may not be improper to present You with a character You must love ; and which cannot but be a favourite with You. 'Tis therefore with pleasure, as well as with pride, that I beg leave to offer it to You ; and, with whatever eye You view the translation, this I promise myself, that ÆNEAS, even though in a meaner dress than he ought to appear in, can never be unwelcome to You. I am with the profoundest respect,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Most obedient,

and most devoted,

humble servant,

Christopher Pitt.

THE PREFACE.

I Am not fond of writing prefaces, but think it necessary to say a word or two, to prevent the reader's imagining, that I pretend to rival Mr. DRYDEN in this translation. There is no name that I have a greater and more real respect for. I look on him with a sort of veneration, and apprehend that every one must have a mean opinion of my judgment, if it was supposed I thought of entering the lists with that great poet. I always read him with pleasure; I read VIRGIL with more; and the pleasure the latter gave me, led me to divert myself, in trying to translate several parts of his *ÆNEID*, till I was carried farther than I expected; and, at last, fell insensibly into the thought of translating the whole. How this translation is executed, is, with all deference, submitted to the publick. There was nothing, I am sure, of envy in it; and scarce

any thing even of emulation. *A painter of a lower rank may draw a face that was taken by TITIAN; and think of mending his hand by it, without any thought of equalling his master. The very working on the same subject with so great a genius, has often served to show me the superiority of his hand the more distinctly.*

It may be proper to take notice here, that in different places I have borrowed about fifty or sixty entire lines from Mr. DRYDEN. I believe I need make no apology for this liberty; but rather fear the reader will wish I had borrowed a greater number from his noble translation.



VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE FIRST BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven years voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks one ship, and scatters the rest: Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the seas. Æneas with his own, and six more ships, arrives safe at an african port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a buxress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy; which is the subject of the two following books.

A RMS, and the man I sing, the first who bore
His course to Latium from the trojan shore;
By fate expell'd, on land and ocean tost,
Before he reach'd the fair lavinian coast.
Doom'd by the gods a length of wars to wage,
And urg'd by Juno's unrelenting rage;
Ere the brave heroe rais'd, in these abodes,
His destin'd walls, and fix'd his wand'ring gods.
Hence the fam'd latian line, and senates come,
And the proud triumphs, and the tow'rs of Rome.

Say, muse, what causes could so far incense
 Celestial pow'rs, and what the dire offence,
 That mov'd heav'n's awful empress to impose
 On such a pious prince a weight of woes,
 Expos'd to dangers, and with toils oppress'd? 15
 Can rage so fierce inflame an heavenly breast?

Against th'italian coast, of ancient fame
 A city rose, and Carthage was the name;
 A tyrian colony; from Tyber far;
 Rich, rough, and brave, and exercis'd in war. 20
 Which Juno far above all realms, above
 Her own dear Samos, honour'd with her love,
 Here stood her chariot, here her armour lay,
 Here she design'd, would destiny give way,
 Ev'n then the seat of universal sway. 25
 But of a race she heard, that should destroy
 The tyrian tow'rs, a race deriv'd from Troy,
 Who proud in arms, triumphant by their swords,
 Should rise in time the world's victorious lords;
 By fate design'd her Carthage to subdue, 30
 And on her ruin'd empire raise a new.
 This fear'd the goddess; and in mind she bore
 The late long war her fury rais'd before
 For Greece with Troy; nor was her wrath resign'd,
 But every cause hung heavy on her mind; 35
 Her form disdain'd, and Paris' judgment, roll
 Deep in her breast; and kindle all her soul;
 Th' immortal honours of the ravish'd boy,
 And last, the whole detested race of Troy.
 With all these motives fir'd, from Latium far 40
 She drove the relicks of the grecian war:

Fate

† Ganymede.

Book I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

3

Fate urg'd their course; and long they wander'd o'er
The spacious ocean, tost from shore to shore.
So vast the work to build so vast a frame,
And raise the glories of the roman name!

45

Scarce from ficilian shores the shouting train
Spread their broad sails, and plow'd the foamy main;
When haughty Juno thus her rage express;
Th' eternal wound still rankling in her breast.

Then must I stop? are all my labours vain?
And must this trojan prince in Latium reign?
Belike, the fates may baffle Juno's aims;
And why could Pallas, with avenging flames,
Burn a whole navy of the grecian ships,
And whelm the scatter'd Argives in the deeps?
She, for the crime of Ajax, from above
Launch'd thro' the clouds the fiery bolts of Jove;
Dash'd wide his fleet, and, as her tempest flew,
Expos'd the ocean's inmost depths to view.

50

55

Then, while transfix'd, the blasted wretch expires,
Flames from his breast, and fires succeeding fires,
Snatch'd in a whirlwind, with a sudden shock,
She hurl'd him headlong on a pointed rock.
But I, who move supreme in heav'n's abodes,
Jove's sister-wife, and empress of the gods,
With this one nation must a war maintain

65

For years on years; and wage that war in vain.
And now what suppliants will invoke my name,
Adore my pow'r, or bid my altars flame?

Thus fir'd with rage and vengeance, down she flies
To dark Æolia, from the distant skies,
Impregnated with storms; whose tyrant binds
The blust'ring tempests, and reluctant winds.

Their rage imperial Æolus restrains
 With rocky dungeons, and with heaps of chains. 75
 The bellowing brethren, in the mountain pent,
 Roar round the cave, and struggle for a vent.
 From his high throne, their fury to assuage,
 He shakes his sceptre, and controuls their rage;
 Or down the void their rapid whirls had driv'n 80
 Earth, air, and ocean, and the tow'rs of heav'n.
 But Jove, the mighty ruin to prevent,
 In gloomy caves th' ærial captives pent;
 O'er their wild rage the pond'rous rocks he spread,
 And hurl'd huge heaps of mountains on their head; 85
 And gave a king, commission'd to restrain
 And curb the tempest, or to loose the rein.

Whom thus the queen address: Since, mighty Jove,
 The king of men, and fire of gods above,
 Gives thee, great Æolus, the pow'r to raise 90
 Storms at thy sovereign will, or smooth the seas;
 A race, I long have labour'd to destroy,
 Waft to Hesperia the remains of Troy,
 Ev'n now their navy cuts the tuscan floods,
 Charg'd with their exiles, and their vanquish'd gods: 95
 Wing all thy furious winds; o'erwhelm the train,
 Disperse, or plunge their vessels in the main.
 Twice sev'n bright nymphs, of beauteous shape, are mine; }
 For thy reward the fairest I'll resign,
 And make the charming Deïopeia thine; 100 }
 She, on thy bed, long blessings shall confer,
 And make thee father of a race like her.

'Tis your's, great queen, replies the pow'r, to lay
 The task, and mine to listen and obey,

Book I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

By you, I fit a guest with gods above, 105
And share the graces and the smiles of Jove :
By you, these realms, this sceptre I maintain,
And wear these honours of the stormy reign.

So spoke th'obsequious god ; and, while he spoke,
Whirl'd his vast spear, and pierc'd the hollow rock. 110
The winds, embattled, as the mountain rent,
Flew all at once impetuous thro' the vent :
Earth, in their course, with giddy whirls they sweep,
Rush to the seas, and bare the bosom of the deep :
East, west, and south, all black with tempests, roar, 115
And roll vast billows to the trembling shore.
The cordage cracks ; with unavailing cries
The Trojans mourn ; while sudden clouds arise,
And ravish from their sight the splendors of the skies. } 120
Night hovers o'er the floods ; the day retires ;
The heav'n's flash thick with momentary fires ;
Loud thunders shake the poles ; from ev'ry place
Grim death appear'd, and glar'd in ev'ry face.

In horror fixt the trojan heroë stands,
He groans, and spreads to heav'n his lifted hands. 125
Thrice happy those ! whose fate it was to fall
(Exclaims the chief) beneath the trojan wall.
Oh ! 'twas a glorious fate to die in fight,
To die, so bravely, in their parents' fight !
Oh ! had I there, beneath Tydides' hand, 130
That bravest heroë of the grecian band,
Pour'd out this soul, with martial glory fir'd,
And in that field triumphantly expir'd !
Where Hector fell by fierce Achilles' spear,
And great Sarpedon, the renown'd in war ; 135
Where Simois' streams, incumber'd with the slain,
Roll'd shields, and helms, and heroes to the main.

Thus while he mourns, the northern blast prevails,
 Breaks all his oars, and rends his flying sails;
 The prow turns round; the galley leaves her side 140
 Bare to the working waves, and roaring tide;
 While in huge heaps the gathering surges spread,
 And hang in wat'ry mountains o'er his head.
 These ride on waves sublime; those see the ground
 Low in the boiling deeps, and dark profound. 145
 Three shatter'd gallies the strong southern blast
 On hidden rocks, with dreadful fury, cast;
 Th' Italians call them altars, when they stood
 Sublime, and heav'd their backs above the flood.
 Three more fierce Eurus on the Syrtes threw 150
 From the main sea, and (terrible to view)
 He dash'd, and left the vessels on the land,
 Intrench'd with mountains of surrounding sand.
 Struck by a billow, in the hero's view,
 From prow to stern the shatter'd galley flew 155 }
 Which bore Orontes, and the lycian crew:
 Swept off the deck, the pilot from the ship,
 Stunn'd by the stroke, shot headlong down the deep:
 The vessel, by the surge toft round and round,
 Sunk, in the whirling gulf devour'd and drown'd. 160
 Some from the dark abyss emerge again;
 Arms, planks, and treasures, float along the main.
 And now thy ship, Ilioneus, gives way,
 Nor thine, Achates, can resist the sea;
 Nor old Alethes his strong galley saves; 165
 Then Abas yields to the victorious waves:
 The storm dissolves their well-compacted sides,
 Which drink at many a leak the hostile tides,

Mean

Mean time the imperial monarch of the main
 Heard the loud tumults in his watry reign, 170
 And saw the furious tempest wide around
 Work up the waters, from the vast profound.
 Then for his liquid realms alarm'd, the god
 Lifts his high head above the stormy flood,
 Majestic and serene ; he rolls his eyes ; 175
 And scatter'd wide the trojan navy spies,
 Opprest by waves below, by thunders from the skies,
 Full well he knew his sister's endless hate,
 Her wiles and arts to sink the trojan state.
 To Eurus, and the western blast, he cry'd, 180
 Does your high birth inspire this boundless pride,
 Audacious winds ! without a pow'r from me,
 To raise, at will, such mountains on the sea ?
 Thus to confound heav'n, earth, the air, and main ?
 Whom I-----but first I'll calm the waves again, 185
 But if you tempt my rage a second time,
 Know, that some heavier vengeance waits the crime,
 Hence ; fly with speed, from me, your tyrant tell,
 That to my lot this wat'ry empire fell.
 Bid him his rocks, your darksome dungeons, keep, 190
 Nor dare usurp the trident of the deep.
 There, in that gloomy court, display his pow'r,
 And hear his tempests round their caverns roar.
 He spoke, and speaking chas'd the clouds away,
 Hush'd the loud billows, and restor'd the day. 195
 Cymothoe guards the vessels in the shock,
 And Triton heaves 'em from the pointed rock.
 With his huge trident, the majestic god
 Clear'd the wild Syrtes, and compos'd the flood ;

Then

2 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. V Book II

Then mounted on his radiant car he rides, 200
 And wheels along the level of the tides.
 As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
 And the wild rabble storms, and thirsts for blood ;
 Of stones and brands, a mingled tempest flies,
 With all the sudden arms that rage supplies : 205
 If some grave fire appears, amid the strife,
 In morals strict, and innocence of life,
 All stand attentive ; while the sage controuls
 Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.
 So did the roaring deeps their rage compose, 210
 When the great father of the floods arose.
 Rapt by his steeds, he flies in open day,
 Throws up the reins, and skims the wat'ry way.
 The Trojans, weary'd with the storm, explore
 The nearest land, and reach the libyan shore. 215
 Far in a deep recess, her jutting fides
 An isle projects, to break the rolling tides,
 And forms a port, where, curling from the sea,
 The waves steal back, and wind into a bay.
 On either side, sublime in air, arise 220
 Two tow'ring rocks, whose summits brave the skies ;
 Low at their feet the sleeping ocean lies :
 Crown'd with a gloomy shade of waving woods,
 Their awful brows hang nodding o'er the floods.
 Oppos'd to these, a secret grotto stands, 225
 The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by nature's hands ;
 Where polish'd seats appear of living stone,
 And limpid rills, that tinkle as they run.
 No cable here, nor circling anchor binds
 The floating vessel, harra's'd with the winds. 230

The

Book I. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

67

The dardan hero brings to this retreat
 Sev'n shatter'd ships, the reliëts of his fleet.
 With fierce desire to gain the friendly strand,
 The Trojans leap in rapture to the land,
 And, drench'd in brine, lie stretch'd along the sand, 235
 Achates strikes a flint, and from the stroke
 The lurking seeds of fire in sparkles broke;
 The catching flame on leaves and stubble preys,
 Then gathers strength, and mounts into a blaze,
 Tir'd with their labours, they prepare to dine, 240
 And grind their corn, infected with the brine.

Æneas mounts a rock, and thence surveys
 The wide and wat'ry prospect of the seas;
 Now hopes the shatter'd phrygian ships to find,
 Antheus, or Capys, driving with the wind; 245
 And now, Caius' glit'ring arms to spy,
 Wide o'er the vast horizon darts his eye.
 The chief could view no vessel on the main;
 But three tall stags stalk'd proudly o'er the plain;
 Before the herd their beamy fronts they rais'd; 250
 Stretch'd out in length, the train along the valley graz'd.
 The prince, who spy'd 'em on the shore below,
 Stopt short---then snatch'd the feather'd shafts and bow,
 Which good Achates bore; his arrows fled;
 And first he laid the lordly leaders dead; 255
 Next, all th' ignoble vulgar he pursu'd,
 And with his shafts dispers'd 'em thro' the wood:
 Nor ceas'd the chief, till, stretch'd beneath his feet,
 Lay sev'n huge stags, the number of his fleet.
 Back to the port the victor bends his way, 260
 And with his friends divides the copious prey.

The

The gen'rous wine, to crown the genial feast,
Which kind Acefles gave his parting gueft,
Next to his fad associates he imparts;
And with thefe words revives their drooping hearts. 265

Friends! we have known worfe toils, than now we know,
By long experience exercis'd in woe;
And foon to thefe difafters fhall be giv'n
A certain period, by relenting heav'n.

Think, how you faw the dire cyclopean fhore, 270
Heard Scylla's rocks, and all her monfters roar.
Difmifs your fears; on thefe misfortunes paff,
Your minds with pleafure may reflect at laft.

Thro' fuch varieties of woes we tend
To promis'd Latium, where our toils fhall end: 275
Where the kind fates fhall peaceful feats ordain,
And Troy, in all her glories rife again.

With manly patience bear your prefent ftate,
And with firm courage wait a better fate.

So fpoke the chief, and hid his inward fmart; 280
Hope fmooth'd his looks, but anguifh rack'd his heart.

The hungry crowd prepare, without delay,
To drefs the banquet, and to fhare the prey.

Some from the body ftrip the fmoking hide,
Some cut in morfels, and the parts divide; 285

Thefe bid, with bufy care, the flames afpire;
Thofe roast the limbs, yet quiv'ring, o'er the fire.

Thus, while their ftrength and fpirits they reftore,
The brazen cauldrons fmoak along the fhore.

Stretch'd on the grafs, their bodies they recline, 290
Enjoy the rich repaft, and quaff the gen'rous wine.

The rage of hunger quell'd, they paff away
In long and melancholy talk the day;

Nor

Book I. VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*.

111

Nor knew, by fears and hopes alternate led,
Whether to deem their friends distressed, or dead,
Apart the pious chief, who suffer'd most,
Bemoans brave Gyas and Cleonthus lost;
For Lycus' fate, for Amycus he weeps,
And great Orontes, whelm'd beneath the deeps.

Now, from high heav'n, imperial Jove surveys
The nations, shores, and navigable seas;
There, as he sate, inthron'd above the skies,
Full on the libyan realms he fix'd his eyes,
When lo! the mournful queen of love appears,
Her starry eyes were dim'd with streaming tears;
Who to the fire her humble suit address'd,
The schemes of fate revolving in his breast.

Oh thou! whose sacred, and eternal sway,
Aw'd by thy thunders, men and gods obey;
What have my poor exhausted Trojans done?
Or what, alas! my dear unhappy son?
Still, for the sake of Italy, deny'd
All other regions, all the world beside?
Sure, once you promis'd, that a race divine
Of roman chiefs should spring from Teucer's line;
The world in future ages to command,
And in their empire grasp the sea and land.
Oh! sovereign father, say! what cause could move
The fixt unalterable word of Jove?
Which sooth'd my grief, when Ilion felt her doom;
And Troy I balanc'd with the fates of Rome.
But see! their fortune still pursues her blow;
When wilt thou fix a period to their woe?
In safety bold Antenor broke his way
Thro' hosts of foes, and pierc'd th' illyrian bay,

305
Where,

Where, thro' nine ample mouths, Timavus pours,
 Wide as a sea, and deluges the shores;
 The flood rebellows, and the mountain roars.
 Yet with his colonies, secure he came,
 Rais'd Padua's walls, and gave the realms a name. 330
 Then fix'd his trojan arms; his labours cease;
 And now the hoary monarch reigns in peace.
 But we, your progeny, ordain'd to rise,
 And share th' eternal honours of the skies,
 To glut the rage of one, our vessels lost, 335
 Barr'd by her vengeance, from the promis'd coast.
 Are these the palms that virtue must obtain?
 And is our empire thus restor'd again?
 The fire of men and gods, superior, smil'd
 On the sad queen, and gently kiss'd his child. 340
 Then, with those looks that clear the clouded skies,
 And calm the raging tempest, he replies.
 Daughter, dismiss your fears; by doom divine
 Fixt are the fates of your immortal line.
 Your eyes Lavinium's promis'd walls shall see, 345
 And here we ratify our first decree.
 Your son, the brave Æneas, soon shall rise,
 Himself a god; and mount the starry skies.
 To sooth your care, these secrets I relate
 From the dark volumes of eternal fate: 350
 The chief fair Italy shall reach, and there
 With mighty nations wage a dreadful war,
 New cities raise, the savage natives awe,
 And to the conquer'd kingdoms give the law.
 The fierce Rutulians vanquish'd by his sword, 355
 Three years shall Latium own him sovereign lord.

Your

Your dear Ascanius then, the royal boy,
 (Now call'd Iulus, since the fall of Troy)
 While thirty rolling years their orbs compleat,
 Shall wear the crown, and from Lavinium's seat
 330 Transfer the kingdom; and, of mighty length
 Raise tow'ring Alba, glorying in her strength.
 There, shall the trojan race enjoy the pow'r,
 And fill the throne three hundred winters more.
 Illa, the royal priestess, next shall bear
 335 Two lovely infants to the god of war.
 Nurs'd by a tawny wolf, her eldest son,
 Imperial Romulus, shall mount the throne;
 From his own name, the people Romans call,
 And from his father Mars, his rising wall.
 340 No limits have I fixt, of time, or place,
 To the vast empire of the godlike race.
 Ev'n haughty Juno shall the nation love,
 Who now alarms earth, seas, and heav'n above
 And join her friendly counsels to my own,
 345 With endless fame the sons of Rome to crown;
 The world's majestic lords, the nation of the gown.
 This word be fate.----an hour shall wing its way,
 When Troy in dust shall proud Mycenæ lay.
 In Greece, Assaracus his sons shall reign,
 350 And vanquish'd Argos wear the victor's chain.
 Then Cæsar, call'd by great Iulus' name,
 (Whose empire ocean bounds, the stars his fame)
 Sprung from the noble trojan line, shall rise
 Charg'd with his eastern spoils, and mount the skies.
 355 Him, shall you see, advanc'd to these abodes;
 Ador'd by Rome; a god among the gods.

From

From that blest hour all violence shall cease,
 The age grow mild, and soften into peace.
 With righteous Rhemus shall Quirinus reign,
 Old Faith, and Vesta, shall return again;
 With many a solid hinge, and brazen bar,
 Shall Janus close the horrid gates of war;
 Within the fane dire Fury shall be bound,
 With a huge heap of shatter'd arms around;
 Wrapt in an hundred chains, beneath the load
 The fiend shall roar, and grind his teeth in blood.

The Thund'rer said; and down th' ærial way
 Sent with his high commands the son of May;
 That Carthage may throw wide her friendly tow'rs,
 And grant her guests the freedom of her shores;
 Left Dido, blind to fate, and Jove's decree,
 Should shut her ports, and drive them to the sea.
 Swift on the steerage of his wings he flies,
 And shoots the vast expansion of the skies.
 Arriv'd, th' almighty's orders he performs,
 Charm'd by the god, no more the nation storms
 With jealous rage; in chief the queen inclin'd
 To peace, and mild benevolence of mind.

All night involv'd in cares Æneas lay,
 But rose impatient at the dawn of day,
 To view the coast, the country to explore,
 And learn if men, or beasts, possess the shore,
 (For wide around the gloomy waste extends)
 And bear the tidings to his anxious friends.
 Beneath a shelving rock his fleet dispos'd,
 With waving woods and awful shades inclos'd,
 Two glitt'ring spears he shook with martial pride,
 And forth he march'd; Achates at his side.

As thro' the wilds the chief his course pursu'd, 420
 He meets his goddess-mother in the wood;
 In show, an huntress she appear'd, array'd
 In arms and habit like a spartan maid;
 Or swift Harpalyce of Thrace, whose speed
 Out-slew the wings of winds, and tir'd the rapid steed. 425
 Bare was her knee, and with an easy pride
 Her polish'd bow hung graceful at her side.
 Close, in a knot, her flowing robes she drew;
 Loose to the winds her wanton tresses flew.
 Ho! gentle youths, she cry'd, have you beheld 430
 One of my sisters wand'ring o'er the field,
 Girt with a speckled lynx's vary'd hide,
 A painted quiver rattling at her side?
 Or have you seen her with an eager pace
 Urge with full cries the foaming boar in chace? 435
 None of your charming sisterhood (he said)
 Have we beheld, or heard, oh! beauteous maid,
 Your name, oh! nymph, or oh! fair goddess, say?
 A goddess, sure, or sister of the day,
 You draw your birth from some immortal line, 440
 Your looks are heav'nly, and your voice divine.
 Tell me, on what new climate are we thrown?
 Alike the natives and the lands unknown;
 By the wild waves, and swelling surges tost,
 We wander strangers on a foreign coast. 445
 Then will we still invoke your sacred name,
 And with fat victims shall your altars flame.
 No goddess' awful name, she said, I bear;
 For know, the tyrian maids, by custom, here,
 The purple buskin, and a quiver wear. 450

Your

Your eyes behold Agenor's walls aspire ;
 The punick realms ; a colony from Tyre.
 See ! wide around, waste Libya's bounds appear,
 Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war.
 From her fierce brother's vengeance, o'er the main, 455
 From Tyre, fled Dido, and enjoys the reign :
 The tale is intricate, perplex'd, and long ;
 Hear then, in short, the story of her wrong.
 Sichæus was her lord, beyond the rest
 Of the phœnician race, with riches blest ; 460
 Much lov'd by Dido, whom her father led
 Pure, and a virgin, to his nuptial bed.
 Her brother, fierce Pygmalion, fill'd the throne
 Of Tyre, in vice unrivall'd and alone.
 Ev'n at the sacred altar in a strife, 465
 By stealth, the tyrant shed his brother's life ;
 Blind with the charms of gold, his faulchion drove,
 Stern, and regardless of his sister's love.
 Then, with fond hopes, deceiv'd her for a time,
 And forg'd pretences to conceal the crime. 470
 But her unbury'd lord, before her sight,
 Rose in a frightful vision of the night :
 Around her bed he stalks ; grim ! ghastly ! pale !
 And, staring wide, unfolds the horrid tale
 Of the dire altars, dash'd with blood around ; 475
 Then bares his breast, and points to every wound ;
 Warns her to fly the land without delay ;
 And, to support her thro' the tedious way,
 Shews where, in massy piles, his bury'd treasure lay. }
 Rous'd, and alarm'd, the wife her flight intends, 480
 Obeys the summons, and convenes her friends :

They

They meet, they join, and in her cause engage,
 All, who detest, or dread the tyrant's rage.
 Some ships, already rigg'd, they seiz'd, and stow'd
 Their sides with gold ; then launch'd into the flood. 485
 They sail ; the bold exploit a woman guides ;
 Pygmalion's wealth is wafted o'er the tides.
 They came, where now you see new Carthage rise,
 And yon' proud citadel invade the skies.
 The wand'ring exiles bought a space of ground 490
 Which one bull-hide inclos'd and compass'd round ;
 Hence Byrsa nam'd : but now, ye strangers, say,
 Who ? whence you are ? and whither lies your way ?
 Deep, from his soul, he draws a length of sighs,
 And, with a mournful accent, thus replies : 495
 Shou'd I, o goddess, from their source relate,
 Or you attend the annals of our fate,
 The golden sun would sink, and ev'ning close,
 Before my tongue could tell you half our woes.
 By grecian foes expell'd, from Troy we came, 500
 From antient Troy (if e'er you heard the name)
 Thro' various seas ; when lo ! a tempest roars,
 And raging drives us on the libyan shores.
 The good ÆNEAS am I call'd ; my fame,
 And brave exploits, have reach'd the starry frame : 505
 From grecian flames I bear my rescu'd gods,
 Safe in my vessels, o'er the stormy floods.
 In search of antient Italy I rove,
 And draw my lineage from all-mighty Jove.
 A goddess-mother and the fates, my guides, 510
 With twenty ships I plough'd the phrygian tides.
 Scarce sev'n of all my fleet are left behind,
 Rent by the waves, and shatter'd by the wind.

My self, from Europe and from Asia cast,
A helpless stranger, rove the Libyan waste. 515

No more cou'd Venus bear her son bewail
His various woes, but interrupts his tale.
Whoe'er you are, arriv'd in these abodes,
No wretch I deem abandon'd by the gods;
Hence then, with haste, to yon' proud palace bend 520
Your course, and on the gracious queen attend.

Your friends are safe, the winds are chang'd again,
Or all my skill in augury is vain!

See those twelve swans, a flock triumphant, fly,
Whom lately, shooting from th' ætherial sky, 525

Th' imperial bird of Jove dispers'd around,
Some hov'ring o'er, some settling on the ground.

As these returning clap their sounding wings,
Ride round the skies, and sport in airy rings;

So have your friends and ships possess the strand, 530
Or with full-bellied sails approach the land.

Haste to the palace then, without delay,
And, as this path directs, pursue your way.

She said, and turning round, her neck she show'd,
That with celestial charms divinely glow'd. 535

Her waving locks immortal odours shed,
And breath'd ambrosial scents around her head.

Her sweeping robe trail'd pompous as she trod,
And her majestic port confess'd the god.

Soon as he knows her thro' the coy disguise, 540
He thus pursues his mother as she flies.

Must never, never more our hands be join'd?
Are you, like heaven, grown cruel and unkind?

Why must those borrow'd shapes delude your son?
And why, ah! why, those accents not your own? 545

He

He said ; then fought the town ; but Venus shrouds
And wraps their persons in a veil of clouds ;
That none may interpose, to cause delay,
Nor fondly curious ask them of their way.
Thro' air sublime the queen of love retreats 550
To Paphos' stately tow'rs, and blissful seats ;
Where to her name an hundred altars rise,
And gums, and flow'ry wreaths, perfume the skies.

Now o'er the lofty hill they bend their way,
Whence all the rising town in prospect lay, 555
And tow'rs and temples ; for the mountain's brow
Hung bending o'er, and shaded all below.
Where late the cottage stood, with glad surprise
The prince beholds the stately palace rise ;
On the pav'd streets, and gates, looks wond'ring down, 560
And all the crowd and tumult of the town.
The Tyrians ply their work ; with many a groan
These roll, or heave some huge unwieldy stone ;
Those bid the lofty citadel ascend ;
Some in vast length th' embattled walls extend ; 565
Others for future dwellings choose the ground,
Mark out the spot, and draw the furrow round.
Some, useful laws propose, and some the choice
Of sacred senates, and elect by voice.
These sink a spacious mole beneath the sea, 570
Those a huge theatre's foundation lay ;
Hew massy columns from the mountain's side,
Of future scenes an ornamental pride.
Thus to their toils, in early summer, run
The clust'ring bees, and labour in the sun ; 575
Led forth, in colonies, their buzzing race,
Or work the liquid sweets, and thicken to a mass.

The busy nation flies from flow'r to flow'r,
 And hoards, in curious cells, the golden store;
 A chosen troop before the gate attends, 580
 To take the burdens; and relieve their friends;
 Warm at the fragrant work, in bands, they drive
 The drone, a lazy robber, from the hive;
 The prince surveys the lofty tow'rs, and cries,
 Blest, blest are you, whose walls already rise: 585
 Then, strange to tell, he mingled with the crowds,
 And past, unseen, involv'd in mantling clouds.

Amid the town, a stately grove display'd
 A cooling shelter, and delightful shade.
 Here, tost by winds and waves, the Tyrians found 590
 A courser's head within the sacred ground;
 An omen sent by Juno, to declare
 A fruitful soil, and race renown'd in war.
 A temple here fidonian Dido rais'd
 To heav'n's dread empress, that with riches blaz'd; 595
 Unnumber'd gifts adorn'd the costly shrine,
 By her own presence hallow'd and divine.
 Brass were the steps, the beams with brass were strong,
 The lofty doors, on brazen hinges, rung.
 Here, a strange scene before his eyes appears, 600
 To raise his courage, and dispel his fears;
 Here first, he hopes his fortunes to redress;
 And finds a glimmering prospect of success.
 While for the queen he waited, and amaz'd,
 O'er the proud shrine and pompous temple gaz'd; 605
 While he the town admires, and wond'ring stands
 At the rich labours of the artist's hands;
 Amid the story'd walls, he saw appear,
 In speaking paint, the tedious trojan war;

The

The war, that fame had blaz'd the world around,
And every battle fought on phrygian ground.

There Priam stood, and Agamemnon here,
And Peleus' wrathful son, to both severe.
Struck with the view, oh! friend, the heroë cries,
(Tears, as he spoke, came starting from his eyes)

Lo! the wide world our miseries employ;
What realm abounds not with the woes of Troy?

See! where the venerable Priam stands!
See virtue honour'd in the libyan sands!

For Troy, the generous tears of Carthage flow;
And tyrian breasts are touch'd with human woe.

Now banish fear, for since the trojan name
Is known, we find our safety in our fame!

Thus while his soul the moving picture fed,
A show'r of tears the groaning heroë shed.

For here, the fainting Greeks in flight he view'd;
And there, the Trojans to their walls pursu'd

By plum'd Achilles, with his dreadful spear,
Whirl'd on his kindling chariot thro' the war.

Not far from thence, proud Rhæsus' tents he knows
By their white veils, that match'd the winter snows,

Betray'd and stretch'd amidst his slaughter'd train,
And, while he slept, by fierce Tydides slain;

Who drove his coursers from the scene of blood,
E'er the fierce steeds had tasted trojan food,

Or drank divine Scamander's fatal flood.

There Troilus lies difarm'd (unhappy boy!)
From stern Achilles, round the fields of Troy;

Unequal he! to such an arm in war!
Supine, and trailing from his empty car,

Still, tho' in death, he grasps the flowing reins,
His startled coursers whirl him o'er the plains;

The spear, inverted, streaks the dust around;
 His snowy neck and tresses sweep the ground.
 Mean time a penfive supplicating train 645
 Of trojan matrons, to Minerva's fane
 In sad procession with a robe repair,
 Beat their white breasts, and rend their golden hair.
 Unmov'd with pray'rs, disdainfully she frown'd,
 And fixt her eyes, relentless, on the ground. 650
 Achilles here, his vengeance to enjoy,
 Thrice drag'd brave Hector round the walls of Troy:
 Then to the mournful fire, the victor fold
 The breathless body of his son, for gold.
 His groans now deepen'd, and new tears he shed, 655
 To see the spoils, and chariot of the dead,
 And Priam both his trembling hands extend,
 And, gash'd with wounds, his dear disfigur'd friend.
 Mix'd with the grecian peers, and hostile train,
 Himself he view'd, conspicuous in the plain: 660
 And swarthy Memnon, glorious to behold,
 His eastern hosts, and arms that flame with gold.
 All furious led Penthesilea there,
 With moony shields, her Amazons to war;
 Around her breast her golden belt she threw; 665
 Then thro' the thick-embattled squadrons flew;
 Amidst the thousands flood the dire alarms,
 And the fierce maid engag'd the men in arms.
 Thus, while the trojan heroes stood amaz'd,
 And, fixt in wonder, on the picture gaz'd, 670
 With all her guards, fair Dido, from below,
 Ascends the dome, majestically flow.
 As on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' heads,
 A thousand beauteous nymphs Diana leads:
 While

While round their quiver'd queen the quires advance, 675
 She tow'rs majestic, as she leads the dance;
 She moves in pomp superior to the rest,
 And secret transports touch Latona's breast.
 So pass'd the graceful queen amidst her train,
 To speed their labours and her future reign. 680
 Then with her guards surrounded, in the gate,
 Beneath the midmost arch, sublime she sate.
 She shares their labours, or by lots she draws;
 And to the crowd administers the laws.
 When lo! Æneas brave Cloanthus spies, 685
 Antheus, and great Sergestus, with surprize,
 Approach the throne, attended by a throng
 Of trojan friends, that pour'd in tides along;
 Whom the wild whistling winds and tempests bore,
 And widely scatter'd on a distant shore. 690
 Lost in his hopes and fears, amaz'd he stands,
 And with Achates longs to join their hands:
 But doubtful of th' event, he first attends,
 Wrapt in the cloud, the fortune of his friends;
 Anxious, and eager till he knew their state, 695
 And where their vessels lay, and what their fate.
 With cries, the royal favour to implore,
 They came, a train selected, from the shore:
 Then, leave obtain'd, Ilioneus begun,
 And, with their common suit, address the throne. 700
 Oh! queen, indulg'd by Jove, these lofty tow'rs
 And this proud town to raise on libyan shores,
 With high commands, a savage race to awe,
 And to the barb'rous natives give the law,
 We wretched Trojans, an abandon'd race, 705
 Toft round the seas, implore your royal grace;

Oh! check your subjects, and their rage reclaim,
 Ere their wild fury wrap our fleet in flame:
 Oh! save a pious race; regard our cry;
 And view our anguish with a melting eye. 710
 We come not, mighty queen, an hostile band,
 With sword and fire, and, ravaging the land,
 To bear your spoils triumphant to the shore:
 No-----to such thoughts the vanquish'd durst not soar.
 Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place, 715
 'Twas call'd Hesperia by the grecian race,
 (For martial deeds and fruits, renown'd by fame)
 But since Italia, from the leader's name;
 To that blest shore we steer'd our destin'd way,
 When sudden, dire Orion rous'd the sea; 720
 All charg'd with tempests rose the baleful star,
 And on our navy pour'd his watry war;
 With sweeping whirlwinds cast our vessels wide,
 Dash'd on rough rocks, or driving with the tide:
 The few sad relicks of our navy bore 725
 Their course to this unhospitable shore.
 What are the customs of this barbarous place?
 What more than savage this inhuman race?
 In arms they rise, and drive us from the strand,
 From the last verge, and limits of the land. 730
 Know, if divine and human laws you slight,
 The gods, the gods will all our wrongs requite;
 Vengeance is their's; and their's to guard the right. }
 Æneas was our king, of high renown;
 Great, good, and brave; and war was all his own. 735
 If still he lives, and breathes this vital air,
 Nor we, his friends and subjects, shall despair;
 Nor you, great queen, repent, that you employ
 Your kind compassion in the cause of Troy.

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25

Besides, on high the trojan ensigns soar,
And trojan cities grace Sicilia's shore ;

740

Where great Acestes, of the dardan strain,
Deriv'd from antient Teucer, holds his reign.

Permit us, from your woods, new planks and oars
To fell, and bring our vessels on your shores ;

745

That, if our prince and friends return again,
With joy, for Latium, we may plow the main.

But if those hopes are vanish'd quite away,
If lost, and swallow'd in the libyan sea,

You lie, great guardian of the trojan state,
And young Iulus shares his father's fate ;

750

Oh! let us seek Sicilia's shores again,
And fly from hence to good Acestes' reign.

He spoke ; a loud assent ran murmuring thro' the train.

Thus then, in short, the gracious queen replies,

755

While on the ground she fixt her modest eyes :

Trojans, be bold ; against my will, my fate,

A throne unsettled, and an infant state,

Bid me defend my realms with all my pow'rs,

And guard with these severities my shores.

760

Lives there a stranger to the trojan name,

Their valour, arms, and chiefs of mighty fame ?

We know the war that set the world on fire ;

Nor are so void of sense the sons of Tyre ;

For here his beams indulgent Phœbus sheds,

765

And rolls his flaming chariot o'er our heads.

Seek you, my friends, the blest saturnian plains,

Or fair Trinacria, where Acestes reigns ?

With aids supply'd, and furnish'd from my stores,

Safe will I send you from the libyan shores.

770

Or would you stay to raise this growing town ?

Fix here your seat ; and Carthage is your own.

Haste, draw your ships to shore; to me the same,
 Your Troy and Tyre shall differ but in name.
 And oh! that great *Æneas* had been tost, 775
 By the same storm, on the same friendly coast!
 But I will send, my borders to explore,
 And trace the windings of the mazy shore.
 Perchance, already thrown on these abodes,
 He roams the towns, or wanders thro' the woods. 780
 Rais'd in their hopes the friend and heroë stood;
 And long'd to break, transported, from the cloud.
 Oh! goddess-born! cry'd brave *Achates*, say,
 What are your thoughts, and why this long delay?
 All safe you see; your friends and fleet restor'd: 785
 One (whom we saw) the whirling gulf devour'd.
 Lo! with the rest your mother's words agree,
 All but *Orontes* 'scap'd the raging sea.

Swift as he spoke, the vapours break away,
 Dissolve in æther, and refine to day. 790
 Radiant, in open view, *Æneas* stood,
 In form and looks, majestic as a God,
 Flush'd with the bloom of youth, his features shine,
 His hair in ringlets waves with grace divine,
 The queen of love the glance divine supplies, 795
 And breathes immortal spirit in his eyes.
 Like parian marble, beauteous to behold,
 Or silver's milder gleam in burnish'd gold,
 Or polish'd iv'ry, shone the godlike man:
 All stood surpriz'd; and thus the prince began. 800

ÆNEAS, whom you seek, you here survey;
 Escap'd the tempest of the libyan sea.
 O *Dido*, gracious queen, who make alone
 The woes, and cause, of wretched Troy your own;

And

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247

And shelter in your walls, with pious care, 805
 Her sons, the relicks of the grecian war;
 Who all the forms of misery have bore,
 Storms on the sea, and dangers on the shore;
 Nor we, nor all the dardan nation, hurl'd
 Wide o'er the globe, and scatter'd round the world, 810
 But the good gods, with blessings, shall repay
 Your bounteous deeds, the gods and only they;
 (If pious acts, if justice they regard;)
 And your clear conscience stands its own reward.
 How blest this age that has such virtue seen? 813
 How blest the parents of so great a queen?
 While to the sea the rivers roll, and shades
 With awful pomp surround the mountain heads;
 While æther shines, with golden planets grac'd,
 So long your honour, name, and praise shall last: 820
 Whatever realm my fortune has assign'd,
 Still will I bear your image in my mind.

This said, the pious chief of Troy extends
 His hands around, and hails his joyful friends:
 His left Sergeſtus grasp'd with vast delight, 825
 To great Ilioneus he gave the right.
 Cloanthus, Gyas, and the dardan train,
 All, in their turns, embrac'd the prince again.

Charm'd with his presence, Dido gaz'd him o'er,
 Admir'd his fortune much, his person more. 830
 What fate, O goddess-born, she said, has tost
 So brave a heroe on this barbarous coast?
 Are you ÆNEAS, who in Ida's grove
 Sprung from Anchises and the queen of love
 By Simois' streams? and now I call to mind, 835
 When Teucer left his native shores behind;

The banisht prince to Sidon came, to gain
 Great Belus' aid, to fix him in his reign;
 Then the rich cyprian isle, my warlike fire
 Subdu'd, and ravag'd wide with sword and fire. 840

From him I learnt the grecian kings of fame,
 The fall of Ilion, and your glorious name:
 He on your valour, tho' a foe, with joy
 Would dwell, and proudly trace his birth from Troy.
 Come to my palace then, my royal guest, 845
 And, with your friends, indulge the genial feast.

My wand'rings and my fate resembling yours,
 At length I settled on these libyan shores;
 And, touch'd with miseries myself have known,
 I view, with pity, woes so like my own. 850

She spoke, then leads him to her proud abodes,
 'Ordains a feast, and offerings to the gods.
 Twice fifty bleating lambs and ewes she sends,
 And twice ten brawny oxen to his friends:
 A hundred bristly boars, and monstrous swine; 855
 With Bacchus' gifts, a store of generous wine.

The inner rooms in regal pomp display'd,
 The splendid feasts in ample halls are made;
 Where, labour'd o'er with art, rich carpets lie,
 That glow refulgent with the purple dye. 860

The boards are pil'd with plate of curious mould;
 And their forefather's deeds, in times of old,
 Blaz'd round the bowls, and charg'd the rising gold. }

No more the prince his eager love suppress,
 And all the parent struggled in his breast.
 He sends Achates to inform his son,
 And guide the young Ascanius to the town;
 (On his Ascanius turn his fear and joy,
 The father's cares are center'd in the boy;)

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29

To bring rich presents to the queen of Tyre, 870
 And relicks, rescu'd from the trojan fire.
 A mantle, wrought with saffron foliage round ;
 And a stiff robe with golden figures crown'd,
 Fair Helen's drefs, when, fir'd with lawless joy,
 She left her native walls to ruin Troy, 875
 (Her mother's present in the bridal hour ;)
 With gold a shining sceptre studded o'er,
 That wont Ilión's fair hand to grace,
 The eldest nymph of Priam's beauteous race ;
 Her necklace, strung with pearls ; her crown, that glows
 Instarr'd with gems and gold in double rows,
 To bring the splendid gifts, without delay,
 Swift to the fleet, Achates bends his way.

But beauteous Venus in her breast design'd
 New wiles, and plann'd new counsels in her mind, 885
 That winged Cupid to the court should come
 Like sweet Ascanius, in Ascanius' room ;
 With the rich gifts the tyrian queen inspire,
 And kindle in her veins the raging fire.
 Her dread of Juno's arts, who guards the place, 890
 Her just suspicions of the treach'rous race,
 Break, each revolving night, her golden rest :
 And thus the suppliant queen the god address.

Oh son ! my strength ! supreme in heav'n above !
 Whose arrows triumph o'er the bolts of Jove : 895
 To thee I fly, thy succour to implore,
 Court thy protection, and thy pow'r adore.
 To tell how Juno's restless rage has tost
 Your brother round the seas, and ev'ry coast,
 Is but to mention what too well you know, 900
 Who sigh'd my sighs, and wept a mother's woe.

Him,

Him, in her town, the tyrian queen detains,
 With soft seducements, from the latian plains.
 But much I fear that hospitable place,
 Where Juno reigns the guardian of the race: 905
 And lest this fair occasion she improve,
 Know, I design to fire the queen with love;
 A love, beyond the cure of pow'rs divine;
 A love as strong, and violent as mine.
 But how the proud Phœnician to surprize 910
 With such a passion, hear what I advise.
 The royal youth, Ascanius, from the port,
 Hastes, by his father's summons, to the court;
 With costly presents charg'd, he takes his way,
 Sav'd from the trojan flames, and stormy sea; 915
 But to prevent suspicion, will I steep
 His temples in the dews of balmy sleep,
 Then to Cythera's sacred seats remove,
 Or softly lay him in th' idalian grove.
 This one revolving night, thyself a boy, 920
 Wear thou the features of the youth of Troy;
 And when the queen, transported with thy charms,
 Amidst the feast, shall strain thee in her arms,
 The gentle poison by degrees inspire
 Thro' all her breast; then fan the rising fire, 925
 And kindle all her soul. The mother said,
 With joy the god her soft commands obey'd.
 Aside his quiver, and his wings he slung,
 And, like the boy Iulus, tript along.
 Mean time the goddess on Ascanius throws 930
 A balmy slumber and a sweet repose;
 Lull'd in her lap to rest, the queen of love
 Convey'd him to the soft idalian grove.

Wrapt

Wrapt in a flow'ry bed her charge she laid,
And, breathing round him, rose the fragrant shade. 935

Now Cupid, pleas'd his orders to obey,
Brought the rich gifts; Achates led the way.
He came, and found on costly carpets spread
The queen majestic midst her golden bed.
The great Æneas and the Trojans lie 940

On pompous couches stain'd with tyrian dye.
Soft towels for their hands th' attendants bring,
And limpid water from the crystal spring.

They wash; the menial train the tables spread;
And heap in glitt'ring canisters the bread. 945

To dress the feast, full fifty handmaids join,
And burn rich incense to the pow'rs divine;

A hundred boys and virgins stood around,
The banquet marshall'd, and the goblet crown'd.

To fill th' embroider'd beds the tyrians come 950
Rank behind rank; and crowd the regal room.

The guests the gorgeous gifts and boy admire,
His voice, and looks, that glow with youthful fire;

The veil and foliage wond'ring they behold,
And the rich robe that flam'd with figur'd gold: 955

But chief the queen, the boy and presents move,
The queen, already doom'd to fatal love.

Insatiate in her joy, she sate amaz'd,
Gaz'd on his face, and kindled as she gaz'd.

First, his dissembled father he carest, 960
Hung round his neck, and play'd upon his breast;

Next to the queen's embraces he withdrew;
She look'd, and sent her soul at every view;

Then took him on her lap, devour'd his charms; 965
Nor knew poor Dido, blind to future harms,

How great a god she fondled in her arms.

But he, now mindful of his mother, stole
 By slow degrees Sichæus from her soul;
 Her soul, rekindling, in her husband's stead
 Admits the prince; the living for the dead. 970

Soon as the banquet paus'd, to raise their souls,
 With sparkling wine they crown the massy bowls.
 Thro' the wide hall the rolling echo bounds,
 The palace rings, the vaulted dome resounds.
 The blazing torches, and the lamps display, 975
 From golden roofs, an artificial day.

Now Dido crowns the bowl of state with wine,
 The bowl of Belus, and the regal line.
 Her hands aloft the shining goblet hold,
 Pond'rous with gems, and rough with sculptur'd gold. 980
 When silence was proclaim'd, the royal fair
 Thus to the gods address her fervent pray'r.

Almighty Jove! who plead'st the stranger's cause;
 Great guardian god of hospitable laws!
 Oh! grant this day to circle still with joy, 985
 Thro' late posterity, to Tyre and Troy.

Be thou, O Bacchus! god of mirth, a guest;
 And thou, O Juno! grace the genial feast.
 And you, my lords of Tyre, your fears remove,
 And shew your guests benevolence and love. 990

She said, and on the board, in open view,
 The first libation to the gods she threw:
 Then sip'd the wine, and gave to Bitias' hand.
 He rose, obedient to the queen's command;
 At once the thirsty Trojan swill'd the whole, 995
 Sunk the full gold, and drain'd the foaming bowl.

Then thro' the peers, with sparkling nectar crown'd,
 The goblet circles, and the health goes round.

With

With curling tresses grac'd, and rich attire,
 Iopas stands, and sweeps the golden lyre ; 1000
 The truths, which antient Atlas taught, he sings,
 And nature's secrets, on the sounding strings.
 Why Cynthia changes ; why the sun retires,
 Shorn of his radiant beams, and genial fires ;
 From what originals, and causes, came 1005
 Mankind and beasts, the rain, and rising flame ;
 Arcturus, dreadful with his stormy star ;
 The wat'ry Hyads, and the northern car ;
 Why suns in summer the slow night detain,
 And rush so swift in winter to the main. 1010
 With shouts the Tyrians praise the song divine,
 And in the loud applause the Trojans join.
 The queen, in various talk, prolongs the hours,
 Drinks deep of love, and ev'ry word devours ;
 This moment longs of Hector to enquire, 1015
 The next of Priam, his unhappy fire ;
 What arms adorn'd Aurora's glorious son ;
 How high, above his hosts, Achilles shone ;
 How brave Tydides thunder'd on his car ;
 How his fierce courfers swept the ranks of war. 1020
 Nay, but at large, my godlike guest, relate
 The grecian wiles, the said, and Ilion's fate ;
 How far your course around the globe extends,
 And what the woes and fortunes of your friends :
 For, since you wander'd every shore and sea, 1025
 Have sey'n revolving summers roll'd away.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE SECOND BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixt resolution he had taken not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defense of it: at last having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

A L L gaz'd in silence, with an eager look,
Then from the golden couch the heroes spoke.
Ah mighty queen! you urge me to disclose,
And feel, once more, unutterable woes;
How vengeful Greece with victory was crown'd,
And Troy's fair empire humbled to the ground;
Those direful scenes I saw on Phrygia's shore,
Those wars in which so large a part I bore,
The fiercest Argive would with tears bewail,
And stern Ulysses tremble at the tale:

10
And

And lo! the night precipitates away ;
 The stars, grown dim before the dawning day,
 Call to repose ; but since you long to know,
 And curious listen to the story'd woe ;
 Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell,
 But with a bleeding heart, how Ilion fell.

The grecian kings, (for many a rolling year,
 Repell'd by fate, and harrafs'd by the war ;) 10
 By Pallas' aid of season'd fir compose
 A steed, that tow'ring like a mountain rose ; 20
 This they pretend their common vow, to gain
 A safe return, and measure back the main :
 Such the report ; but guileful Argos hides
 Her bravest heroes in the monster's sides ;
 Deep, deep within, they throng'd the dreadful gloom : 30
 And half a host lay ambush'd in the womb.

An isle, in antient times renown'd by fame,
 Lies full in view, and Tenedos the name ;
 Once blest with wealth, while Priam held the sway,
 But now a broken, rough, and dangerous bay : 39
 Thither their unsuspected course they bore,
 And hid their hosts within the winding shore.
 We deem'd them sail'd for Greece ; transported Troy
 Forgot her woes, and gave a loose to joy ;
 Threw wide her gates, and pour'd forth all her train, 35
 To view th' abandon'd camp, and empty plain ;
 Here the dolop'an troops their station held ;
 There proud Achilles' tent o'erlook'd the field ;
 Here rang'd the thousand vessels stood, and there
 In conflict join'd the furious sons of war. 40
 Some view the gift of Pallas with surprize,
 The fatal monster, and its wondrous size.

And

And first Thymætès mov'd the crowd to lead
 And lodge within the tower the lofty steed ;
 Or, with design, his country to destroy, 45
 Or fate determin'd now the fall of Troy.
 But hoary Capys, and the wise, require
 To plunge the treacherous gift of Greece in fire,
 Or overwhelm the mighty monster in the tides,
 Or bore the ribs, and search the cavern'd sides. 50
 Their own wild will the the noisy crowds obey,
 And vote, as partial fancy points the way ;
 Till bold Laocoon, with a mighty train,
 From the high tower rush'd furious to the plain ;
 And sent his voice from far, with rage inspir'd ; 55
 What madness, Trojans, has your bosoms fir'd ?
 Think you the Greeks are fail'd before the wind ?
 Think you these presents safe, they leave behind ?
 And is Ulysses banish'd from your mind ? }
 Or this prodigious fabrick must inclose, 60
 Deep in its darksome womb, our ambush'd foes ;
 Or 'tis some engine, rais'd to batter down
 The tow'rs of Ilion, or command the town ;
 Ah ! trust not Greece, nor touch her gifts abhorr'd ;
 Her gifts are more destructive than her sword. 65
 Swift as the word, his pond'rous lance he threw ;
 Against the sides the furious javelin flew,
 Thro' the wide womb a spacious passage found,
 And shook with long vibrations in the wound.
 The monster groans, and shakes the distant shore ; 70
 And, round his caverns roll'd, the deep'ning thunders roar.
 Then, had not partial fate conspir'd to blind,
 With more than madness, every trojan mind,
 The crowd the treacherous ambush had explor'd,
 And not a Greek had 'scap'd the vengeful sword ; 75

Old Priam still his empire would enjoy,
 And still thy tow'rs had stood, majestic troy!
 Meantime, before the king, the dardan swains,
 With shouts triumphant, brought a youth in chains,
 A willing captive to the trojan hands,
 To open Ilium to the grecian bands;
 Bold and determin'd either fate to try;
 Resolv'd to circumvent, or fix'd to die.
 The troops tumultuous gather round the foe,
 To see the captive, and insult his woe.
 Now hear the falsehoods of the grecian train;
 All, all in one; a nation in a mane.
 For while confounded and disarm'd he stands,
 And trembling views around the phrygian bands,
 Alas! what hospitable land, (he cry'd)
 Or oh! what seas a wand'ring wretch will hide?
 Not only banish'd from the grecian state;
 But Troy, avenging Troy demands my fate.

His melting tears, and moving sighs controul
 Our rising rage, and soften every soul.
 We bid him tell his race, and long to know
 The fate and tidings of a captive foe.
 At length, encourag'd thus, the youth reply'd,
 And laid his well-dissembled fears aside.

All, all, with truth, great monarch, I confess,
 And first I own my birth deriv'd from Greece;
 Wretch as he is, yet Sinon can defy
 The frowns of fortune, and disdains a lye.
 You know, perchance, great Palamedes' name,
 Thro' many a distant realm renown'd by fame;
 Condemn'd, tho' guiltless, when he mov'd for peace,
 Condemn'd for treason by the voice of Greece.

Tho'

Tho' false the charge, the glorious hero bled;
 But now the Greeks deplore the warrior dead.
 Me, yet a youth, my father sent to share
 With him, my kinsman, in the toils of war.
 Long as that hero stood secure from fate,
 Long as his counsels prop'd the grecian state,
 Ev'n I could boast an honourable name,
 And claim some title to a share of fame.
 But when the prince, (a well-known truth I tell,)
 By dire Ulysses' arts and envy fell;
 Soon as he ceas'd to breathe this vital air,
 I drag'd my days in darkness and despair.
 And, if kind heav'n should give me back once more,
 Safe and triumphant to my native shore,
 For innocence condemn'd, revenge I vow'd,
 Mad as I was, and spoke my rage aloud.
 This mov'd Ulysses' hate, and hence arose
 My past misfortunes, and my present woes.
 Eager he sought the means, and watch'd the time
 To charge me too with some pretended crime.
 For conscious of his guilt, my death he vow'd,
 And with dark hints amus'd the list'ning crowd.
 At length with Calchas he concert's the scheme---
 But why, why dwell I on this hateful theme?
 Or why detain you with a tale of woe?
 Since you determine every Greek, a foe.
 Strike, strike; th' Atrides will my death enjoy,
 And dire Ulysses thank the sword of Troy.
 Now blind to grecian frauds, we burn to know
 With fond desire the causes of his woe;
 Who thus, still trembling as he stood, and pale,
 Pursu'd the moving melancholy tale.

Oft had our hosts determin'd to employ
 Their sails for Greece, and leave untaken Troy,
 Urg'd to a shameful flight, from deep despair,
 And the long labours of a ten-year's war,
 And oh! that they had fail'd, as oft the force
 Of southern winds, and tempests stop'd their course;
 But since this steed was rais'd; strait, bellowing loud,
 Deep thunders roar'd, and burst from every cloud.
 We sent Eurypilus to Phœbus' shrine,
 Who brought this sentence from the voice divine,
 When first ye fail'd for Troy, ye calm'd the main
 With blood, ye Grecians, and a virgin slain;
 And ere you measure back the foamy flood,
 Know, you must buy a safe return with blood.
 These awful words to every Greek impart
 Surprise and dread, and chill the bravest heart;
 To the dire stroke each thought himself decreed,
 Himself the victim that for Greece should bleed.
 Ulysses then, importunate and loud,
 Produc'd sage Chalcas to the trembling crowd,
 Bade him the secret will of heav'n relate;
 And now my friends could prophesy my fate;
 And base Ulysses' wicked arts, they said,
 Were level'd all at my devoted head.
 Ten days the prophet from the crowd retir'd,
 Nor mark'd the victim that the gods requir'd.
 So long besieg'd by Ithacus he stood,
 And seem'd reluctant to the voice of blood;
 At length he spoke, and, as the scheme was laid,
 Doom'd to the slaughter my predestin'd head.
 All prais'd the sentence, and were pleas'd to see
 The fate that threaten'd all, confin'd to me,

And

And now the dire tremendous day was come,
 When all prepar'd to solemnize my doom;
 The salted barley on my front was spread,
 The sacred fillets bound my destin'd head: 175
 I fled th' appointed slaughter, I confess,
 And, till our troops should hoist their sails for Greece,
 Swift to a slimy lake I took my flight,
 Lay wrapt in flags, and cover'd by the night.
 And now these eyes shall view my native shore, 180
 My dear, dear children, and my sire no more;
 Whom haply Greece to slaughter has decreed,
 And for my fatal flight condemn'd to bleed.
 But thee, o gracious monarch, I implore
 By every god, by every sacred pow'r, 185
 Who conscious of the facts my lips relate,
 With truth inspire me to declare my fate;
 By all the solemn sanctions that can bind
 In holy ties the faith of human kind;
 Have mercy, mercy, on a guiltless foe, 190
 O'erwhelm'd and sunk with such a weight of woe!

His life we gave him, and dispell'd his fears,
 Touch'd with this moving eloquence of tears;
 And, melting first, the good old king commands
 To free the captive, and to loose his hands. 195
 Then with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
 Mild and benevolent the monarch spoke.

Henceforth let Greece no more thy thoughts employ,
 But live a subject and a son of Troy;
 With truth and strict sincerity proceed, 200
 Say, to what end they fram'd this monstrous deed;
 Who was its author, what his aim, declare;
 Some solemn vow? or engine of the war?

Skill'd

Skill'd in the frauds of Greece, the captive rears
 His hands unshackled to the golden stars; 205
 You, ye eternal splendors! he exclaims,
 And you divine inviolable flames,
 Ye fatal swords and altars, which I fled,
 Ye wreaths that circled this devoted head;
 All, all, attest! that justly I release 210
 My sworn allegiance to the laws of Greece,
 Renounce my country, hate her sons, and lay
 Their inmost counsels open to the day.
 And thou, O Troy, by Sinon snatch'd from fate,
 Spare, spare the wretch, who saves the phrygian state. 215
 Greece on Minerva's aid rely'd alone,
 Since first the labours of the war begun.
 But from that execrable point of time,
 When Ithacus, the first in every crime,
 With Tydeus' impious son, the guards had slain, 220
 And brought her image from the phrygian fane,
 Distain'd her sacred wreaths with murderous hands,
 Still red and reeking from the slaughter'd bands;
 Then ceas'd the triumphs of the grecian train,
 And their full tide of conquest sunk again; 225
 Their strength decay'd, and many a dreadful sign
 To trembling Greece proclaim'd the wrath divine.
 Scarce to the camp the sacred image came,
 When from her eyes she flash'd a living flame;
 A briny sweat bedew'd her limbs around, 230
 And thrice she sprung indignant from the ground;
 Thrice was she seen with martial rage to wield
 Her pond'rous spear, and shake her blazing shield.
 With that, sage Calchas mov'd the trembling train
 To fly, and measure back the deeps again; 235

That

That 'twas not giv'n our armies to destroy
 The phrygian empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,
 Till they should bring from Greece those favouring gods,
 Who smil'd indulgent, when they plow'd the floods;
 With more auspicious signs repass the main, 240
 And with new omens take the field again,
 Now to their native country they repair,
 With gather'd forces to renew the war;
 The scheme of Calchas! but their vanish'd host
 Will soon return to waste the phrygian coast. 245
 All Greece, atoning dire Ulysses' deed,
 To Pallas' honour rais'd this wond'rous steed;
 But Calchas order'd this enormous size,
 This monstrous bulk, that heaves into the skies,
 Lest Troy should lead it thro' her opening gate, 250
 And by this new palladium guard her state.
 For oh! ye Phrygians, had your rage profan'd
 This gift of Pallas with an impious hand,
 Some fate (which all ye pow'rs immortal shed
 With all your vengeance on its author's head!) 255
 In one prodigious ruin would destroy
 Thy empire, Priam, and the sons of Troy.
 But would you join within your walls to lead
 This pledge of heav'n, this tutelary steed;
 Then, with her hosts, all Asia shall repair, 260
 And pour on Pelops' walls a storm of war;
 Then Greece shall bleed, and perish in her turn;
 Her future sons; her nations yet unborn.
 Thus did the perjur'd Sinon's art prevail;
 Too fondly we believ'd the study'd tale; 265
 And thus was Troy, who bravely could sustain
 Achilles' fury, when he swept the plain,

A thousand vessels, and a ten years war,
Won by a sigh, and vanquish'd by a tear.

Here a more dreadful object rose to fight, 270
And shook our souls with horror and affright.

Unblest Laocoon, whom the lots design
Priest of the year, at Neptune's holy shrine
Slew on the sands, beside the rolling flood,
A stately steer, in honour of the god. 275

When, horrid to relate! two serpents glide
And roll incumbent on the glassy tide,
Advancing to the shore; their spires they raise
Fold above fold, in many a tow'ring maze.

Beneath their burnish'd breasts the waters glow, 280
Their crimson crests inflame the deeps below;

O'er the vast flood extended long and wide,
Their curling backs lay floating on the tide;

Lash'd to a foam the boiling billows roar,
And now the dreadful monsters reach'd the shore; 285

Their hissing tongues they darted, as they came,
And their red eye-balls shot a sanguine flame.

Pale at the sight, we fled in dire dismay;
Strait to Laocoon they direct their way;

And first in curling fiery volumes bound 290
His two young sons, and wrapt them round and round,

Devour'd the children in the father's view;
Then on the miserable father flew,

While to their aid he runs with fruitless haste;
And all the man in horrid folds embrac'd; 295

Twice round his waist, and round his neck they rear
Their winding heads, and hiss aloft in air.

His sacred wreaths the livid poisons stain,
And, while he labours at the knots in vain, 300

Stung to the soul, he bellows with the pain.

}

So, when the ax has glanc'd upon his skull,
 Breaks from the shrine, and roars the wounded bull.
 But each huge serpent now retires again,
 And flies for shelter to Minerva's fane ;
 Her buckler's orb the goddess wide display'd, 305
 And screen'd her monsters in the dreadful shade.

Then, a new fear the trembling crowd possess,
 A holy horror pants in every breast ;
 All judge Laocoon justly doom'd to bleed,
 Whose guilty spear profan'd the sacred steed. 310
 We vote to lead him to Minerva's tow'r,
 And supplicate, with vows, th' offended pow'r.
 All to the fatal labour bend their care,
 Level the walls, and lay the bulwarks bare ;
 Some round the lofty neck the cables tye, 315
 Some to the feet the rolling wheels apply ;
 The tow'ring monster, big with Ilion's doom,
 Mounts o'er the wall ; an army in the womb ;
 Around the moving pile the children join
 In cries of transport, and in songs divine ; 320
 They run, they pull the stretching cords with joy,
 And lend their little hands to ruin Troy !
 In one loud peal th' enormous horse rolls down,
 And thund'ring gains the center of the town.
 Oh Troy, renown'd in war ! oh bright abodes ! 325
 Oh glorious Troy ! the labour of the gods ! ----
 Thrice stop'd unmov'd the monster in the gate,
 And clashing arms thrice warn'd us of our fate ;
 But we, by madness blinded and o'ercome,
 Lodge the dire monster in the sacred dome. 330
 Cassandra too, inspir'd, our fate declares
 (So Phœbus doom'd) to unregarding ears ;

We,

Book II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

45

We, thoughtless wretches! deck the shrines, and waste
In sports the day, which heav'n decreed our last.

Now had the sun roll'd down the beamy light, 335
And from the caves of Ocean rush'd the night;
With one black veil her spreading shades suppress
The face of nature, and the frauds of Greece.
The Trojans round their walls in silence lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day. 340

When lo! their course the grecian navy bore,
New-rigg'd and arm'd, and reach'd the well-known shore,
By silent Cynthia's friendly beams convey'd;
And the proud admiral a flame display'd.

Then Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods, 345
Unlocks the mighty monster's dark abodes;
His peopled caves pour forth in open air
The heroes, and the whole imprison'd war.

Led by the guiding cord, alight with joy
Th' impatient princes in the midst of Troy; 350

Machaon first, then great Achilles' heir,
Ulysses, Thoas, Athamas, appear;

A crowd of chiefs with Menelas succeed;
Epeus last, who fram'd the fraudulent steed.

Strait they invade the city, bury'd deep 355
In fumes of wine, and all dissolv'd in sleep;

They slay the guards, they burst the gates, and join
Their fellows, conscious to the bold design.

'Twas now the time when first kind heav'n bestows
On wretched man the blessings of repose; 360

When, in my slumbers, Hector seem'd to rise
A mournful vision! to my closing eyes.

Such he appear'd, as when Achilles' car
And fiery couriers whirl'd him thro' the war;

Drawn thro' his swelling feet the thongs I view'd, 365
His beauteous body black with dust and blood.

Ye gods! how chang'd from Hector! who with joy
Return'd in proud Achilles' spoils to Troy;

Flung at the ships, like heav'n's almighty fire,
Flames after flames, and wrapt a fleet in fire. 370

Now gash'd with wounds that for his Troy he bore,
His beard and locks stood stiffen'd with his gore.

With tears and mournful accents I began,
And thus bespoke the visionary man!

Say, glorious prince, thy country's hope and joy, 375
What cause so long detains thee from thy Troy?

Say, from what realms, so long desir'd in vain,
Her Hector comes, to bless her eyes again?

After such numbers slain, such labours past,
Thus is our prince! ah! thus return'd at last? 380

Why stream these wounds? or who could thus disgrace
The manly charms of that majestic face?

Nought to these questions vain the shade replies,
But from his bosom draws a length of sighs;

Fly, fly, oh! fly the gathering flames; the walls 385
Are won by Greece, and glorious Ilion falls;

Enough to Priam and to Troy before

Was paid; then strive with destiny no more;

Could any mortal hand prevent our fate,

This hand, and this alone, had sav'd the state. 390

Troy to thy care commends her wand'ring gods;

With these pursue thy fortunes o'er the floods

To that proud city, thou shalt raise at last,

Return'd from wand'ring wide the watry waste.

This said, he brought from Vesta's hallow'd quire 395

The sacred wreaths and everlasting fire.

Meantime

Meantime tumultuous round the walls arise
 Shrieks, clamours, shouts, and mingle in the skies.
 And (tho' remote my father's palace stood,
 With shades surrounded, and a gloomy wood) 400
 Near, and more near, approach the dire alarms ;
 The voice of woe ; the dreadful din of arms.
 Rous'd at the deafening peal that roars around,
 I mount the dome, and listen to the sound.
 Thus o'er the corn, while furious winds conspire, 405
 Rolls on a wide-devouring blaze of fire ;
 Or some big torrent, from a mountain's brow,
 Bursts, pours, and thunders down the vale below,
 O'erwhelms the fields, lays waste the golden grain,
 And headlong sweeps the forests to the main ; 410
 Stun'd at the din, the swain with list'ning ears
 From some steep rock the sounding ruin hears.

Now Hector's warning prov'd too clear and true,
 The wiles of Greece appear'd in open view ;
 The roaring flames in volumes huge aspire, 415
 And wrap thy dome, Deiphobus, in fire ;
 Thine, sage Ucalegon, next strow'd the ground,
 And stretch'd a vast unmeasur'd ruin round.
 Wide o'er the waves the bright reflection plays ;
 The surges redden with the distant blaze. 420
 Then shouts and trumpets swell the dire alarms ;
 And, tho' 'twas vain, I madly flew to arms :
 Eager to raise a band of friends, and pour
 In one firm body to defend the tow'r ;
 Rage and revenge my kindling bosom fire, 425
 Warm, and in arms, to conquer or expire.
 But lo ! poor Pantheus, Phœbus' priest appears,
 Just escap'd the foe, distracted with his fears,

The sage his vanquish'd gods and reliques bore,
And with his trembling grandson fought the shore. 430

Say, Pantheus, how the fate of Ilion stands?
Say, if a tow'r remains in trojan hands?

He thus with groans ;-----Our last sad hour is come,
Our certain, fixt, inevitable doom.

Troy once was great, but oh ! the scene is o'er, 435

Her glory vanish'd ! and her name no more !

For partial Jove transfers her past renown

To Greece, who triumphs in her burning town ;

And the huge monster from his opening side,

Pours forth her warriors in an endless tide ; 440

With joy proud Sinon sees the flames aspire,

Heaps blaze on blaze, and mingles fire with fire ;

Here thousands pouring through the gates appear,

Far more than proud Mycenæ sent to war.

Some seize the passes ; groves of spears arise, 445

That thirst for blood, and flash against the skies.

The guards but just maintain a feeble fight

With their fierce foes, amidst the gloomy night.

While Pantheus' words, while every god inspires,

I flew to arms ; and rush'd amidst the fires, 450

Where the loud furies call, where shouts and cries

Ring round the walls, and thunder in the skies.

Now faithful Ripheus on my side appears,

With hoary Iphitus, advanc'd in years ;

And valiant Hypanis and Dymas, known 455

By the pale splendors of the glimm'ring moon ;

With these Choroëbus, Mygdon's generous boy,

Who came, ill-fated, to the wars of Troy ;

Fir'd with the fair Cassandra's blooming charms,

To aid her fire with unavailing arms ; 460

Ah !

Ah ! brave unhappy youth ! --- He would not hear
His bride inspir'd, who warn'd him from the war !

These when I saw, with fierce collected might,
Breathing revenge, and crowding to the fight ;
With warmth I thus address'd the generous train : 465

Ye bold, brave youths, but bold and brave in vain !
If by your dauntless souls impell'd, you dare
With me to try th' extremities of war ;

You see our hopeless state ; how every god,
Who guarded Troy, has left his old abode ; 470

You aid a town already sunk in fire ;
Fly, fly to arms, and gloriously expire ;

Let all rush on, and, vanquish'd as we are,
Catch one last beam of safety from despair.

Thus while my words inflame the list'ning crew, 475
With rage redoubled to the fight they flew.

As hungry wolves, while clouds involve the day,
Rush from their dens ; and, prowling wide for prey,

Howl to the tempest, while the savage brood,
Stretch'd in the cavern, pant and thirst for blood ; 480

So thro' the town, determin'd to expire,
Through the thick storm of darts, and smoke and fire ;

Wrapt and surrounded with the shades of night,
We rush'd to certain death, and mingled in the fight.

What tongue the dreadful slaughter could disclose ? 485
Or oh ! what tears could answer half our woes ?

The glorious empress of the nations round,
Majestic Troy, lay level'd with the ground ;

Her murder'd natives crowded her abodes,
Her streets, her domes, the temples of her gods. 490

Nor Ilion bled alone : her turn succeeds ;
And then she conquers, and proud Argos bleeds ;

Death in a thousand forms destructive frown'd,
And woe, despair, and horror rag'd around.

And first Androgeos, whom a train attends, 495
With stile familiar hail'd us as his friends;
Haste, brave associates, haste; what dull delay
Detains you here, while others seize the prey?
In flames your friends have laid all Ilium waste,
And you come lagging from your ships the last. 500

Thus he; but soon from our reply he knows
His fatal error, compass'd round with foes;
Kestrains his tongue, and, meditating flight,
Stops short;----and startles at the dreadful sight.
So the pale swain, who treads upon a snake, 505
Unseen, and lurking in the gloomy brake,
Soon as his swelling spires in circles play,
Starts back, and shoots precipitate away.
Fierce we rush in, the heedless foes surround,
And lay the wretches breathless on the ground, 510
New to the place, with sudden terror wild:
And thus at first our flatt'ring fortune smil'd.
Then, by his courage and success inspir'd,
His warlike train the brave Choroebus fir'd;
Lo! friends, the road of safety you survey; 515
Come, fellow fortune, where she points the way;
Let each in argive arms his limbs disguise,
And wield the bucklers, that the foe supplies;
For if success an enemy attends,
Who asks, if fraud or valour gain'd his ends? 520
This said, Androgeos' crested helm he wore;
Then, on his arm, the ponderous buckler bore
With beauteous figures grac'd, and warlike pride;
The starry sword hung glitt'ring at his side.

Like

Like him, bold Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, 525
 Their manly limbs in hostile armour drest.
 With gods averse, we follow to the fight,
 And, undistinguish'd in the shades of night,
 Mix with the foes, employ the murdering steel,
 And plunge whole squadrons to the depths of hell. 530
 Some, wild with fear, precipitate retreat,
 Fly to the shore, and shelter in the fleet;
 Some climb the monstrous horse, a frightened train,
 And there lie trembling in the sides again.
 But, heav'n against us, all attempts must fail, 535
 All hopes are vain, nor courage can prevail;
 For lo! Cassandra, lo! the royal fair
 From Pallas' shrine with loose dishevel'd hair
 Dragg'd by the shouting victors;---to the skies
 She rais'd, but rais'd in vain, her glowing eyes; 540
 Her eyes---she could no more---the grecian bands
 Had rudely manacled her tender hands;
 Chorcæbus could not bear that scene of woes,
 But, fir'd with fury, flew amidst the foes;
 As swift we follow to redeem the fair, 545
 Rush to his aid, and thicken to the war.
 Here from the temple on our troop descends
 A storm of javelins from our trojan friends,
 Who from our arms and helmets deem'd us foes;
 And hence a dreadful scene of slaughter rose. 550
 Then all the Greeks our slender band invade,
 And pour enrag'd to seize the rescu'd maid;
 Ajax with all the bold Dolopians came,
 And both the kings of Atreus' royal name.
 So when the winds in airy conflict rise, 555
 Here South and West charge dreadful in the skies;

There louder Eurus, to the battle borne,
 Mounts the swift coursers of the purple morn;
 Beneath the whirlwind roar the bending woods;
 With his huge trident Neptune strikes the floods, 560
 Foams, storms, and tempesting the deeps around,
 Bares the broad bosom of the dark profound.
 Those too, we chas'd by night, a scatter'd train,
 Now boldly rally, and appear again:
 To them our argive helms and arms are known, 565
 Our voice and language differing from their own.
 We yield to numbers. By Peneleus' steel
 First at Minerva's shrine Choroebus fell;
 Next Ripheus bled, the justest far of all
 The sons of Troy; yet heav'n permits his fall. 570
 The like sad fate brave Hypanis attends
 And hapless Dymas, slaughter'd by their friends.
 Nor thee, sage Pantheus! Phœbus' wreaths could save,
 Nor all thy shining virtues from the grave.
 Ye dear, dear ruins! and thou, Troy! declare 575
 If once I trembled or declin'd the war:
 Midst flames and foes a glorious death I fought,
 And well deserv'd the death for which I fought.
 Thence we retreat, our brave associates gone,
 Pelias and Iphitus were left alone; 580
 This slow with age and bending to the ground,
 And that more tardy from Ulysses' wound,
 Now from the palace walls tumultuous ring
 The shouts, and call us to defend the king;
 There we beheld the rage of fight, and there 585
 The throne of death, and center of the war;
 As Troy, all Troy beside had slept in peace,
 Nor stain'd by slaughter, nor alarm'd by Greece.

Shield

Shield lock'd in shield, advance the greekian pow'rs,
 To burst the gates, and storm the regal tow'rs,
 Fly up the steep ascent where danger calls,
 And fix their scaling engines in the walls.
 High in the left they grasp'd the fenceful shield,
 Fierce in the right the rocky ramparts held;
 Roofs, tow'rs, and battlements the Trojans throw,
 A pile of ruins! on the Greeks below;
 Catch for defense the weapons of despair,
 In these the dire extremes of death and war.
 Now on their heads the pond'rous beams are roll'd,
 By Troy's first monarchs crusted round with gold,
 Here thronging troops with glitt'ring fauchions stand,
 To guard the portals, and the door command,
 Strait to the palace, fir'd with hopes, I go
 To aid the vanquish'd, and repell the foe:
 A secret portico contriv'd behind,
 Great Hector's mansion to the palace join'd,
 By which his hapless princess oft would bring
 Her royal infant to the good old king.
 This way the topmost battlements I gain,
 Whence the tir'd Trojans threw their darts in vain,
 Rais'd on a lofty point, a turret rears
 Her stately head unrival'd to the stars;
 From hence we wont all Ilion to survey,
 The fields, the camp, the fleets, and rolling sea,
 With steel the yielding timbers we assail'd,
 Where loose the huge disjointed structure fail'd;
 Then, tugg'd convulsive from the shatter'd walls,
 We push the pile; the pond'rous ruin falls
 Tumbling in many a whirl; with thund'ring sound,
 Down headlong on the foe, and smokes along the ground:
 But

But crowds on crowds the bury'd troops supply;
And in a storm the beams and rocky fragments fly.

Full in the portal rag'd with loud alarms
Brave Pyrrhus, glitt'ring in his brazen arms,
So from his den, the winter slept away,
Shoots forth the burnish'd snake in open day;
Who, fed with every poison of the plains,
Sheds his old spoils, and shines in youth again;
Proud of his golden scales rolls tow'ring on,
And darts his forky sting, and glitters in the sun.

To him the mighty Periphas succeeds,
And the bold † chief who drove his father's steeds;
With these the scyrian bands advance, and aim
Full at the battlements the missive flame;
Fierce Pyrrhus in the front with forceful sway
Ply'd the huge ax, and hew'd the beams away;
The solid timbers from the portal tore,
And rent from every hinge the brazen door;
At last the chief a mighty opening made,
And, all the imperial dome, in all her length display'd;
The sacred rooms of Troy's first monarchs lie,
With Priam's pomp, profan'd by every eye;
In arms the centries to the breach repair,
And stand embody'd, to repell the war.

Now far within, the regal rooms disclose,
Loud and more loud, a direful scene of woes;
The roof resounds with female shrieks and cries,
And the shrill echo strikes the distant skies.
The trembling matrons fly from place to place,
And kiss the pillars with a last embrace;
Bold Pyrrhus storms with all his father's fire;
The barriers burst; the vanquish'd guards retire;

† Automedon.

The

The shatter'd doors the thund'ring engines ply;
 The bolts leap back; the sounding hinges fly;
 The war breaks in; loud shout the hostile train;
 The gates are storm'd; the foremost soldiers slain:
 Through the wide courts the crowding Argives roam,
 And swarm triumphant round the regal dome.
 Not half so fierce the foamy deluge bounds,
 And bursts resistless o'er the level'd mounds;
 Pours down the vale, and, roaring o'er the plain,
 Sweeps herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
 These eyes within the gate th'Atrides view'd,
 And furious Pyrrhus cover'd o'er with blood;
 Sad they beheld, amid the mournful scene,
 The hundred daughters with the mother queen,
 And Priam's self polluting with his gore.
 Those flames, he hallow'd at the shrines before,
 The fifty bridal rooms, a work divine!
 (Such were his hopes of a long regal line)
 Rich in barbaric gold, with trophies crown'd,
 Supk with their proud support of pillars round;
 And, where the flames retire, the foes possess the ground.
 And now, great queen, you haply long to know
 The fate of Priam in this general woe,
 When with sad eyes the venerable sire
 Beheld his Ilium supk in hostile fire;
 His palace storm'd, the lofty gates laid low,
 His rich pavilions crowded with the foe;
 In arms, long since disas'd, the hoary sage
 Loads each stiff languid limb, that shook with age;
 Girds on an unperforming sword in vain,
 And runs on death amidst the hostile train.
 Within the courts, beneath the naked sky,
 An altar rose; an aged laurel by;

That o'er the hearth and household-gods display'd
 A solemn gloom, a deep majestic shade:
 Hither, like doves, who close-embody'd fly
 From some dark tempest black'ning in the sky, 690
 The queen for refuge with her daughters ran,
 Clung and embrac'd their images in vain.
 But when in cumbrous arms the king she spy'd,
 Alas! my poor unhappy lord! she cry'd,
 What more than madness, 'midst these dire alarms, 695
 Mov'd thee to load thy helpless age with arms?
 No aid like thine this dreadful hour demands,
 But asks far other aid, far other hands;
 No! could my own dear Hector arm again,
 My own dear Hector now would arm in vain. 700
 Come to these altars; here we all shall have
 One common refuge, or one common grave.
 This said, her aged lord the queen embrac'd,
 And on the sacred seat the monarch plac'd.

When lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, 705
 Through darts and foes, from slaught'ring Pyrrhus runs,
 Wounded he traverses the cloyster'd dome,
 Darts through the courts, and shoots from room to room;
 Close, close behind, pursu'd the furious foe,
 Just grasp'd the youth, and aim'd the fatal blow; 710
 Soon as within his parent's sight he past,
 Pierc'd by the pointed death, he breath'd his last;
 He fell; a purple stream the pavement dy'd,
 The soul comes gushing in the crimson tide.
 The king, that seems impatient to survey, 715
 Tho' death surrounds him, gave his fury way;
 And oh! may every violated God,
 Barbarian! thank thee for this deed of blood;

(If gods there are, such actions to regard,)
 Oh! may they give thy guilt the full reward ; 720
 Guilt, that a father's sacred eyes defil'd
 With blood, the blood of his dear murder'd child!
 Unlike thy fire, Achilles the divine!
 (But sure Achilles was no fire of thine!)
 Foe as I was, the heroe deign'd to hear 725
 The guest's, the suppliant's, king's and father's pray'r ;
 To funeral rites restor'd my Hector slain,
 And safe dismiss'd me to my realms again.
 This said, his trembling arm essay'd to throw
 The dull dead javelin, that scarce reach'd the foe ; 730
 The weapon languishingly lagg'd along,
 And, guiltless, on the buckler faintly rung.
 Thou then be first, replies the chief, to go
 With these sad tidings to his ghost below ;
 Begone----acquaint him with my crimes in Troy, 735
 And tell my fire of his degenerate boy.
 Die then ; he said, and dragg'd the monarch on
 Thro' the warm blood that issu'd from his son,
 Staggering and sliding in the slippery gore,
 And to the shrine the royal victim bore ; 740
 Lock'd in the left he grasps the silver hairs,
 High in the right the flaming blade he rears,
 Then to the hilt with all his force apply'd,
 He plung'd the ruthless saw'chion in his side,
 Such was the fate unhappy Priam found, 745
 Who saw his Troy lie levell'd with the ground ;
 He, who round Asia sent his high commands,
 And stretch'd his empire o'er a hundred lands ;
 Now lies a headless carcass on the shore,
 The man, the monarch, and the name no more ! 750

Then,

Then, nor till then, I fear'd the furious foe,
 Struck with that scene of unexampled woe ;
 Soon as I saw the murder'd king expire ;
 His old compeer, my venerable fire,
 My palace, son, and comfort left behind, 755
 All, all, at once came rushing on my mind.
 I gaz'd around, but not a friend was there ;
 My hapless friends, abandon'd to despair,
 Had leapt down headlong from the lofty spires,
 Tir'd with their toils ; or plung'd amidst the fires. 760

Thus left alone, and wand'ring, I survey
 Where trembling Helen close and silent lay
 In Vesta's porch ; and by the dismal glare
 Of rolling flames discern the fatal fair ;
 The common plague ! by Troy and Greece abhorr'd !
 She fear'd alike the vengeful trojan sword,
 Her injur'd country, and abandon'd lord. }
 Fast by the shrine I spy'd the lurking dame,
 And all my soul was kindled into flame ;
 My ruin'd country to revenge, I stood 770
 In wrath resolv'd to shed her impious blood.
 Shall she, this guilty fair, return in peace,
 A queen, triumphant, through the realms of Greece,
 And see, attended by her phrygian train,
 Her home, her parents, spouse and sons again ? 775
 For her curst cause shall raging flames destroy
 The stately structures of imperial Troy ?
 So many slaughters drench the dardan shore ?
 And Priam's self lie weltring in his gore ?
 No !----she shall die----for tho' the victor gain 780
 No fame, no triumph for a woman slain ;
 Yet if by just revenge the traitress bleed,
 The world consenting will applaud the deed :

Book II. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

59

To my own vengeance I devote her head,
And the great spirits of our heroes dead.

785

Thus while I rav'd, I saw my mother rise,
Confess'd a goddess, to my wond'ring eyes,
In pomp unusual, and divinely bright ;
Her beamy glories pierc'd the shades of night ;
Such she appear'd, as when in heav'n's abodes
She shines in all her glories to the gods.
Just rais'd to strike, my hand she gently took,
Then from her rosy lips the goddess spoke.

790

What wrath so fierce to vengeance drives thee on ?

Are we no objects of thy care, my son ?

795

Think of Anchises, and his helpless age,

Thy hoary fire expos'd to hostile rage ;

Think if thy dear Creüsa yet survive,

Think if thy child, the young Iulus live ;

Whom, ever hovering round, the Greeks inclose,

800

From every side endanger'd by the foes,

And, but my care withstood, the ruthless sword

Long since had slaughter'd, or the flames devour'd.

Nor beauteous Helen now, nor Paris blame,

Her guilty charms, or his unhappy flame ;

805

The gods, my son, th' immortal gods destroy

This glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy ;

Hence then retire, retire without delay,

Attend thy mother, and her words obey ;

Look up, for lo ! I clear thy clouded eye

810

From the thick mist of dim mortality ;

Where yon' rude piles of shatter'd ramparts rise,

Stone rent from stone, in dreadful ruin lies,

And black with rolling smoke the dusty whirlwind flies :

There, Neptune's trident breaks the bulwarks down,

815

There, from her basis heaves the trembling town ;

Heav'n's awful queen, to urge the trojan fate,
 Here storms tremendous at the scæan gate ;
 Radiant in arms the furious goddess stands,
 And from the navy calls her argive bands. 820
 On yon' high tow'r the martial maid behold
 With her dread gorgon blaze in clouds of gold.
 Great Jove himself the sons of Greece inspires,
 Each arm he strengthens, and each soul he fires.
 Against the Trojans, from the bright abodes, 825
 See ! where the Thund'rer calls th' embattled gods.
 Strive then no more with heav'n ;----but oh ! retreat,
 Ourself will guide thee to thy father's seat ;
 Ourself will cover and befriend thy flight.
 She said, and sunk within the shades of night ; 830
 And lo ! the gods with dreadful faces frown'd,
 And lower'd, majestically stern, around.
 Then fell proud Ilion's bulwarks, tow'rs and spires ;
 Then Troy, tho' rais'd by Neptune, sunk in fires.
 So when an aged ash, whose honours rise 835
 From some steep mountain tow'ring to the skies,
 With many an ax by shouting swains is ply'd,
 Fierce they repeat the strokes from every side ;
 The tall tree trembling, as the blows go round,
 Bows the high head, and nods to every wound : 840
 At last quite vanquish'd, with a dreadful peal,
 In one loud groan rolls crashing down the vale,
 Headlong with half the shatter'd mountain flies,
 And stretch'd out huge in length th' unmeasur'd ruin lies.
 Now, by the goddess led, I bend my way, 845
 Tho' javelins hiss, and flames around me play ;
 With sloping spires the flames obliquely fly,
 The glancing darts turn innocently by.

Soon

Soon as, these various dangers past, I come
 Within my reverend father's antient dome, 850
 Whom first I fought, to bear his helpless age
 Safe o'er the mountains, far from hostile rage ;
 An exil'd life disdaining to enjoy,
 He stands determin'd to expire with Troy :
 Fly you, who health, and youth, and strength maintain, 855
 You, whose warm blood beats high in every vein ;
 For me had heav'n decreed a longer date,
 Heav'n had preserv'd for me the dardan state ;
 Too much of life already have I known,
 To see my country's fall prevent my own ; 860
 Think then, this aged corse with Ilion fell,
 And take, oh ! take your solemn last farewell :
 For death----these hands that office yet can do ;
 If not----I'll beg it from the pitying foe.
 At least the soldier for my spoils will come ; 865
 Nor heed I now the honours of a tomb.
 Grown to my friends an useless heavy load,
 Long-have I liv'd, abhorr'd by every god,
 Since, in his wrath, high heaven's almighty fire
 Blasted these limbs with his avenging fire. 870

Thus he ; and obstinately bent appears :
 The mournful family stand round in tears.
 Myself, my shrieking wife, my weeping son,
 Friends, servants, all, intreat him to be gone,
 Nor add the general ruin to his own ; 875
 Bid him be reconcil'd to life once more,
 Nor urge a fate, that flew too swift before,
 Unmov'd, he still determines to maintain
 His cruel purpose, and we plead in vain.

Once more I hurry to the dire alarms, 880
 To end a miserable life in arms ;

For oh! what measures could I now pursue,
 When death, and only death, was left in view :
 To fly the foe, and leave your age alone,
 Could such a fire propose to such a son ? 885
 If 'tis by your's and heav'n's high will decreed,
 That you and all, with hapless Troy, must bleed :
 If not her least remains you deign to save ;
 Behold ! the door lies open to the grave.
 Pyrrhus will soon be here, all cover'd o'er 890
 And red from venerable Priam's gore ;
 Who stab'd the son before the father's view,
 Then at the shrine the royal father slew.
 Why, heavenly mother ! did thy guardian care
 Snatch me from fires, and shield me in the war ? 895
 Within these walls to see the Grecians roam,
 And purple slaughter stride around the dome ;
 To see my murder'd consort, son, and sire,
 Steep'd in each other's blood, on heaps expire !
 Arms ! arms ! my friends, with speed my arms supply,
 'Tis our last hour, and summons us to die ; 901
 My arms ! ---in vain you hold me, ---let me go ---
 Give, give me back this moment to the foe.
 'Tis well ---we will not tamely perish all,
 But die reveng'd, and triumph in our fall. 905
 Now rushing forth, in radiant arms, I wield
 The sword once more, and gripe the pond'rous shield.
 When, at the door, my weeping spouse I meet,
 The fair Creüsa, who embrac'd my feet,
 And clinging round them, with distraction wild, 910
 Reach'd to my arms my dear unhappy child :
 And oh ! she cries, if bent on death thou run,
 Take, take with thee, thy wretched wife and son ;

Or,

Or, if one glimmering hope from arms appear,
Defend these walls, and try thy valour here : 915

Ah ! who shall guard thy fire, when thou art slain,
Thy child, or me, thy comfort once in vain ?
Thus while she raves, the vaulted dome replies
To her loud shrieks, and agonizing cries.

When lo ! a wond'rous prodigy appears, 920
For while each parent kiss'd the boy with tears,
Sudden a circling flame was seen to spread
With beams refulgent round Iulus' head ;
Then on his locks the lambent glory preys,
And harmless fires around his temples blaze. 925
Trembling and pale we quench with busy care
The sacred fires, and shake his flaming hair.
But old Anchises lifts his joyful eyes,
His hands and voice, in transport, to the skies.

Almighty Jove ! in glory thron'd on high, 930
This once regards us with a gracious eye ;
If e'er our vows deserv'd thy aid divine,
Vouchsafe thy succour, and confirm thy sign.
Scarce had he spoke, when sudden from the pole,
Full on the left, the happy thunders roll ; 935
A star shot sweeping through the shades of night,
And drew behind a radiant trail of light,
That o'er the palace, gliding from above,
To point our way, descends in Ida's grove ;
Then left a long continu'd stream in view, 940
The track still glittering where the glory flew.
The flame past gleaming with a bluish glare,
And smokes of sulphur fill the tainted air.

At this convinc'd, arose my reverend sire,
Address'd the gods, and hail'd the sacred fire. 945

Proceed,

Proceed, my friends, no longer I delay,
But instant follow where you lead the way.
Ye gods, by these your omens, you ordain
That from the womb of fate shall rise again,
To light and life, a glorious second Troy; 950
Then save this house, and this auspicious boy;
Convinc'd by omens so divinely bright,
I go, my son, companion of thy flight.
Thus he ---- and nearer now in curling spires
Through the long walls roll'd on the roaring fires. 955
Haste then, my fire, I cry'd, my neck ascend,
With joy beneath your sacred load I bend;
Together will we share, where-e're I go,
One common welfare, or one common woe.
Ourself with care will young Iulus lead; 960
At safer distance you my spouse succeed;
Heed too these orders, ye attendant train;
Without the wall stands Ceres' vacant fane,
Rais'd on a mount; an aged cypress near,
Preserv'd for ages with religious fear; 965
Thither, from different roads assembling, come,
And meet embody'd at the sacred dome:
Thou, thou, my fire, our gods and relicks bear;
These hands, yet horrid with the stains of war,
Refrain their touch unhallow'd till the day, 970
When the pure stream shall wash the guilt away.
Now, with a lion's spoils bespread, I take
My fire, a pleasing burthen, on my back;
Close clinging to my hand, and pressing nigh,
With steps unequal trip'd Iulus by; 975
Behind, my lov'd Creüsa took her way;
Through every lonely dark recess we stray:

And

And I, who late th' embattled Greeks could dare,
 Their flying darts, and whole embody'd war,
 Now take alarm, while horrors reign around, 980
 At every breeze, and start at every sound.
 With fancy'd fears my busy thoughts were wild
 For my dear father, and endanger'd child;
 Now, to the city gates approaching near,
 I seem the sound of trampling feet to hear. 985
 Alarm'd, my fire look'd forward thro' the shade,
 And, fly my son, they come, they come, he said;
 Lo! from their shields I see the splendors stream;
 And ken distinct the helmet's fiery gleam.
 And here, some envious god, in this dismay, 990
 This sudden terror, snatch'd my sense away.
 For while o'er devious paths I wildly trod,
 Studious to wander from the beaten road;
 I lost my dear Creüsa, nor can tell
 From that sad moment, if by fate she fell; 995
 Or sunk fatigu'd; or straggled from the train;
 But ah! she never blest these eyes again!
 Nor, till to Ceres' antient wall we came,
 Did I suspect her lost, nor miss the dame.
 There all the train assembled, all but she, 1000
 Lost to her friends, her father, son, and me.
 What men, what gods did my wild fury spare?
 At both I rav'd, and madden'd with despair.
 In Troy's last ruins did I ever know
 A scene so cruel! such transcendent woe! 1005
 Our gods, my son, and father to the train
 I next commend, and hide them in the plain;
 Then fly for Troy, and shine in arms again.

Resolv'd the burning town to wander o'er,
 And tempt the dangers that I 'scap'd before.
 Now to the gate I run with furious haste,
 Whence first from Ilion to the plain I past;
 Dart round my eyes in every place in vain,
 And tread my former footsteps o'er again.
 Surrounding horrors all my soul affright;
 And more, the dreadful silence of the night.
 Next to my house I flew without delay,
 If there, if haply there she bent her way.
 In vain ---- the conquering foes were enter'd there;
 High, o'er the dome, the flames emblaze the air;
 Fierce to devour, the fiery tempest flies,
 Swells in the wind, and thunders to the skies.
 Back to th' embattled citadel I run,
 And search'd her father's regal walls in vain.
 Ulysses now and Phœnix I survey,
 Who guard, in Juno's fane, the gather'd prey:
 In one huge heap the trojan wealth was roll'd,
 Refulgent robes, and bowls of massy gold;
 A pile of tables on the pavement nods,
 Snatch'd from the blazing temples of the gods.
 A mighty train of shrieking mothers bound,
 Stood with their captive children trembling round.
 Yet more ---- I boldly raise my voice on high,
 And in the shade on dear Crœusa cry;
 Call on her name a thousand times in vain,
 But still repeat the darling name again.
 Thus while I rave and roll my searching eyes,
 Solemn and slow I saw her shade arise,
 The form enlarg'd majestic mov'd along;
 Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue;

Thus

Thus as I stood amaz'd, the heav'nly fair
With these mild accents sooth'd my fierce despair. 1041

Why with excess of sorrow ravest in vain
My dearest Lord, at what the gods ordain?
Oh! could I share thy toils! ---- but fate denies; 1045
And Jove, dread Jove, the sovereign of the skies.
In long, long exile, art thou doom'd to sweep
Seas after seas, and plow the vasty deep.

Hesperia shall be thine, where Tyber glides
Thro' fruitful realms, and rolls in easy tides. 1050
There shall thy fates a happier lot provide,
A glorious empire, and a royal bride.

Then let your sorrows for Creüsa cease;
For know, I never shall be led to Greece;
Nor feel the victor's chain, nor captive's shame, 1055
A slave to some imperious argive dame.

No!----born a princess, sprung from heav'n above,
Ally'd to Venus, and deriv'd from Jove,
Sacred from Greece, 'tis mine, in these abodes,
To serve the glorious mother of the gods. 1060

Farewel; and to our son thy care approve,
Our son, the pledge of our commutual love.

Thus she; and as I wept, and wish'd to say
Ten thousand things, dissolv'd in air away.
Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw; 1065

Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew,
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.

Now, day approaching, to my longing train,
From ruin'd Ilium I return again; 1070

To whom, with wonder and surprize, I find
A mighty crowd of new companions join'd;

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A host of willing exiles round me stand,
 Matrons, and men, a miserable band;
 Eager the wretches pour from every side, 1075
 To share my fortunes on the foamy tide;
 Valiant, and arm'd, my conduct they implore,
 To lead and fix them on some foreign shore:
 And now, o'er Ida with an early ray
 Flames the bright star, that leads the golden day. 1080
 No hopes of aid in view, and every gate
 Possess'd by Greece, at length I yield to fate.
 Safe o'er the hill my father I convey,
 And bear the venerable load away.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.



VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his relation : he gives an account of the fleet in which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace ; from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the gods had appointed for his habitation ? by a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete ; his household gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream. He follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy : he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprizing adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily ; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place which he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the carthaginian coast.

WHEN heav'n destroy'd, by too severe a fate,
The throne of Priam, and the phrygian state,
When Troy, tho' Neptune rais'd her bulwarks
The pride of Asia, smok'd upon the ground ; [round,
We seek in vacant regions new abodes, 5
Call'd by the guiding omens of the gods.
Secret, a sudden navy we provide,
Beneath Antandros, and the hills of Ide.
Doubtful, where heav'n would fix our wand'ring train,
Our gather'd pow'rs prepare to plow the main. 10
Scarce had the summer shot a genial ray ;
My fire commands, the canvas to display,
And steer wherever fate should point the way.

And I

D 3

With

With tears I leave the port, my native shore,
And those dear fields, where Ilion rose before. 15

An exil'd wretch, I lead into the floods
My son, my friends, and all my vanquish'd gods.

The warlike Thracians till a boundless plain,
Sacred to Mars, Lycurgus' antient reign;

Ally'd to Troy, while Fortune own'd her cause; 20

The same their gods and hospitable laws;

Thither, with fates averse, my course I bore,

And rais'd a town amid the winding shore.

Then from my name the rising city call,

And stretch along the strand th' embattled wall.

Here to my mother, and the favouring gods,

I offer'd victims by the rolling floods;

But slew a stately bull to mighty Jove,

Who reigns the sovereign of the pow'rs above.

Rais'd on a mount, a cornel grove was nigh, 30

And with thick branches stood a myrtle by.

With verdant boughs to shade my altars round

I came, and try'd to rend them from the ground.

When lo! a horrid prodigy I see;

For scarce my hands had wrench'd the rooted tree, 35

When, from the fibres, drops of crimson gore

Ran trickling down, and stain'd the sable shore.

Amaz'd, I shook with horror and affright,

My blood all curdled at the dreadful sight;

Curious the latent causes to explore, 40

With trembling hands a second plant I tore;

That second wounded plant distill'd around

Red drops of blood, and sprinkled all the ground.

Rack'd with a thousand fears, devout I bow'd

To every nymph, and Thracia's guardian god, 45

These

These omens to avert by pow'r divine,
 And kindly grant a more auspicious sign.
 But when once more I tug'd with toiling hands,
 And eager bent my knees against the sands;
 Live I to speak it?-----from the tomb I hear 50
 A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear.
 How can thy pious hands, Æneas, rend
 The bury'd body of thy hapless friend?
 This stream that trickles from the wounded tree
 Is trojan blood, and once ally'd to thee. 55
 Ah! fly this barbarous land, this guilty shore,
 Fly, fly the fate of murder'd Polydore.
 This grove of lanes, from my body slain,
 Now blooms with vegetable life again.

Then, as amaz'd in deep suspense I hung, 60
 Fear rais'd my hair, and horror chain'd my tongue.
 Ill-fated Priam, when the grecian pow'rs
 With a close siege begirt the dardan tow'rs,
 No more confiding in the strength of Troy,
 Sent to the thracian prince the hapless boy, 65
 With mighty treasures, to support him there,
 Remov'd from all the dangers of the war.
 This wretch, when Ilion's better fortunes cease,
 Clos'd with the proud victorious arms of Greece;
 Broke thro' all sacred laws, and uncontroll'd 70
 Destroy'd his royal charge, to seize the gold.
 Curs'd gold!----how high will daring mortals rise
 In every guilt, to reach the glittering prize?
 Soon as my soul recover'd from her fears,
 Before my father and the gather'd peers, 75
 I lay the dreadful omens of the gods;
 All vote at once to fly the dire abodes;

72 VIRGIL'S ÆNEID. Book III.

To leave th' inhospitable realm behind,
 And spread our opening canvas to the wind.
 But first we paid the rites to Polydore, 80
 And rais'd a mighty tomb amid the shore.
 Next, to his ghost, adorn'd with cypress boughs
 And fable wreaths, two solemn altars rose ;
 With lamentable cries and hair unbound,
 The trojan dames in order mov'd around. 85
 Warm milk and sacred blood in bowls we brought,
 To lure the spirit with the mingled draught ;
 Compos'd the soul ; and, with a dismal knell,
 Took thrice the melancholy last farewell.

Soon as our fleet could trust the smiling sea, 90
 And the soft breeze had smooth'd the watry way ;
 Call'd by the whispering gales, we rig the ships,
 Crowd round the shores, and launch into the deeps.
 Swift from the port our eager course we ply,
 And lands and towns roll backward, as we fly. 95

By Doris lov'd, and Ocean's azure god,
 Lies a fair isle amid th' ægean flood ;
 Which Phœbus fix'd ; for once she wander'd round
 The shores, and floated on the vast profound.
 But now unmov'd, the peopled region braves 100
 The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves.
 Safe in her open ports the sacred isle
 Receiv'd us harrafs'd with the naval toil.
 Our reverence due to Phœbus' town we pay,
 And holy Anius meets us on the way ; 105
 Anius, whose brows the wreaths and laurels grace,
 Priest of the god, and sovereign of the place ;
 Well-pleas'd to see our train the shore ascend,
 He flew to meet my fire, his antient friend :

In hospitable gulf our hands he prest, 110
 Then to the palace led each honour'd guest.
 To Phœbus' aged temple I repair,
 And suppliant to the god prefer my pray'r:
 To wand'ring wretches, who in exile roam,
 Grant, o thymbræan god, a settled home; 115
 Oh! grant thy suppliants, their long labours past,
 A race to flourish, and a town to last.
 Preserve this little second Troy in peace,
 Snatch'd from Achilles and the sword of Greece;
 Vouchsafe, great father, some auspicious sign; 120
 And oh! inform us with thy light divine,
 Where lies our way? and what auspicious guide,
 To foreign realms shall lead us o'er the tide?

Sudden, the dire alarm the temple took,
 The laurels, gates, and lofty mountains shook. 125
 Burst with a dreadful roar, the veils display
 The hallow'd tripods in the face of day.
 Humbled we fell; then, prostrate on the ground,
 We hear these accents in an awful sound:
 Ye valiant sons of Troy, the land that bore 130
 Your mighty ancestors to light before,
 Once more their great descendants shall embrace;
 Go---seek the antient mother of your race.
 There the wide world, Æneas' house shall sway,
 And down from son to son, th' imperial power convey. 135

Thus Phœbus spoke; and joy tumultuous fir'd
 The thronging crowds; and eager all enquir'd,
 What realm, what town, his oracles ordain,
 Where the kind god would fix the wand'ring train?
 Then in his mind my fire revolving o'er 140
 The long, long records of the times before;

Learn, ye assembled peers, he cries, from me, in hospitable
 The happy realm the laws of Fate decree ;
 Fair Crete sublimely tow'rs amid the floods,
 Proud nurse of Jove, the sovereign of the gods ;
 There antient Ida stands, and thence we trace
 The first memorials of the trojan race ;
 A hundred cities the blest isle contains,
 And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains.
 Hence our fam'd ancestor old Telicer bore
 His course, and gain'd the fair Rhætian shore.
 There the great chief the seat of empire chose,
 Before proud Troy's majestic structures rose ;
 Till then, if rightly I record the tale,
 Our old forefathers till'd the lowly vale.
 From hence arriv'd the mother of the gods,
 Hence her loud cymbals and her sacred woods ;
 Hence, at her rites religious silence reigns,
 And lions whirl her chariot o'er the plains.
 Then fly we speedy where the gods command,
 Appease the winds, and seek the cretan land.
 Not distant is the shore ; if Jove but smile,
 Three days shall waft us to the blissful isle.
 This said ; he flays the victims due, and loads
 In haste the smoking altars of the gods.
 A bull to Phœbus, and a bull was slain
 To thee, great Neptune, monarch of the main :
 A milk-white ewe to every western breeze,
 A black, to every storm that sweeps the seas.
 Now fame reports Idomeneus' retreat,
 Expell'd and banish'd from the throne of Crete ;
 Free from the foe the vacant region lay :
 We leave the delian shore, and plow the watry way.

By

By fruitful Naxos, o'er the flood we fly,
Where to the Bacchanals the hills reply;
By green Donyſa next, and Paros ſteer,
Where, white in air, her glittering rocks appear,
Thence through the Cyclades the navy glides,
Whoſe cluſt'ring iſlands ſtudy the ſilver tides,
Loud ſhout the ſailors, and to Crete we fly;
To Crete our country, was the general cry.
Swift ſhoots the fleet before the driving blaſt,
And on the cretan ſhore deſcends at laſt.

With eager ſpeed I frame a town, and call
From antient Pergamus the riſing wall.
Pleaſ'd with the name, my Trojans I command
To raiſe ſtrong tow'rs, and ſettle in the land.
Soon as our luſty youth the fleet could moor,
And draw the veſſels on the ſandy ſhore,
Some join the nuptial bands: with buſy toil
Their fellows plow the new-diſcover'd ſoil.
To frame impartial laws I bend my cares,
Allot the dwellings, and aſſign the ſhares.
When lo! from ſtanding air and poiſon'd ſkies,
A ſudden plague with dire contagion flies.
On corn and trees the dreadful peſt began;
And laſt the fierce infection ſeiz'd on man.
They breathe their ſouls in air; or drag with pain
Their lives, now lengthen'd out for woes, in vain;
Their wonted food the blaſted fields deny,
And the red dog-ſtar fires the ſultry ſky.
My fire advis'd, to meaſure back the main,
Conſult, and beg the delian god again
To end our woes, his ſuccour to diſplay,
And to our wand'rings point the certain way.

'Twas night ; soft slumbers had the world possess'd,
 When, 'as I lay compos'd in pleasing rest,
 Those gods I bore from flaming Troy, arise
 In awful figures to my wond'ring eyes:
 Close at my couch they stood, divinely bright, 210
 And shone distinct by Cynthia's gleaming light,
 Then, to dispell the cares that rack'd my breast,
 These words the visionary pow'rs address'd :

Those truths the god in Delos would repeat,
 By us, his envoys, he unfolds in Crete ; 215
 By us, companions of thy arms and thee,
 From flaming Ilion o'er the swelling sea.
 Led by our care, shall thy descendants rise,
 The world's majestic monarchs, to the skies.
 Then build thy city for imperial sway, 220
 And boldly take the long laborious way.
 Forsake this region ; for the delian pow'r
 Assign'd not for thy seat the gnossian shore.
 Once by Oenotrians till'd, there lies a place,
 'Twas call'd Hesperia by the grecian race ; 225
 For martial deeds and fruits renown'd by fame ;
 But since, Italia, from the leader's name.
 These are the native realms the fates assign ;
 Hence rose the fathers of the trojan line ;
 The great Iasius, sprung from heaven above, 230
 And ancient Dardanus, deriv'd from Jove.
 Rise then, in haste these joyful tidings bear,
 These truths unquestion'd, to thy father's ear.
 Begone----the fair ausonian realms explore,
 For Jove himself denies the cretan shore. 235

Struck with the voice divine, and awful sight,
 No common dream, or vision of the night ;

I saw the wreaths, their features ; and a stream
Of trickling sweat ran cold from every limb.

I started from my bed, and rais'd on high
My hands and voice in rapture to the sky. 240

Then (to our gods the due oblations paid)
The scene divine before my fire I laid.

He owns his error of each antient place,
Our two great founders, and the double race. 245

My son, he cry'd, whom adverse fates employ,
Oh ! exercis'd in all the woes of Troy !

Now I reflect, Cassandra's word divine
Assign'd these regions to the dardan line.

But who furnis'd, the sons of Troy should come
To fair Hesperia from their distant home? 250

Or who gave credit to Cassandra's strain,
Doom'd by the fates to prophecy in vain ?

Pursue we now a surer, safer road,
By Phœbus pointed, and obey the god. 255

Glad we comply, and leave a few behind ;
Then spread our sails to catch the driving wind ;

Forfake this realm ; the sparkling waves divide,
And the swift vessels shoot along the tide.

Now vanish'd from our eyes the lessening ground ;
And all the wide horizon stretching round,

Above was sky, beneath was sea profound :
When, black'ning by degrees, a gathering cloud,

Charg'd with big storms, frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,
And darken'd all the main ; the whirlwinds roar, 265

And roll the waves in mountains to the shore.
Snatch'd by the furious gust, the vessels keep

Their road no more, but scatter o'er the deep :
The thunders roll, the forky light'nings fly ;

And in a burst of rain descends the sky. 270

Far from our course was dash'd the navy wide,
 And dark we wander o'er the tossing tide.
 Not skillful Palinure in such a sea,
 So black with storms, distinguish'd night from day;
 Nor knew to turn the helm, or point the way. 275
 Three nights, without one guiding star in view,
 Three days, without the sun, the navy flew;
 The fourth, by dawn, the swelling shores we spy,
 See the thin smokes, that melt into the sky,
 And blewish hills just opening on the eye. 280
 We furl the sails, with bending oars divide
 The flashing waves, and sweep the foamy tide.
 Safe from the storm the Strophæades I gain,
 Incircled by the vast Æonian main,
 Where dwelt Cæano with her Harpy train; 285
 Since Boreas' sons had chas'd the direful guests
 From Phineus' palace, and their wonted feasts.
 But fiends to scourge mankind, so fierce, so fell,
 Heav'n never summon'd from the depths of hell:
 Bloated and gorg'd with prey, and ever thence 290
 Foul to the sight, and noisom to the sense:
 A female face, with wings and hooky claws;
 Death in their eyes, and famine in their jaws.
 The port we enter'd, and with joy beheld
 Huge herds of oxen graze the verdant field, 295
 And feeding flocks of goats, without a swain,
 That range at large, and bound along the plain;
 We seize, we slay, and to the copious feast
 Call every god, and Jove himself a guest.
 Then on the winding shore the tables plac'd, 300
 And fate indulging in the rich repast;
 When from the mountains, terrible to view,
 On sounding wings the monster Harpyes flew.

They taint the banquet with their touch abhorr'd,
 Or snatch the smoking viands from the board.
 A stench offensive follows where they fly,
 And loud they scream, and raise a dreadful cry.
 Thence to a cavern'd rock the train remove;
 And the close shelter of a shady grove;
 Once more prepare the feast, the tables raise;
 Once more with fires the loaded altars blaze.
 Again the fiends from their dark covert fly,
 But from a different quarter of the sky,
 With loathsome claws they snatch the food away,
 Scream o'er our heads, and poison all the prey.
 Enrag'd, I bid my traitors arms prepare,
 And with the diabolical monsters wage the war.
 Close in the grass, observant of the word,
 They hide the shining shield, and gleaming sword.
 Then, as the Harpyes from the hills once more
 Pour'd shrieking down, and crowded round the shore,
 On his high stand Misentius sounds from far
 The brazen trumpet, the signal of the war.
 With unaccustom'd flight we flew, to slay
 The forms obscene, dread monsters of the sea.
 But proof to steel their hides and plumes remain;
 We strike th' impenetrable fiends in vain,
 Who from the fragments wing th' aerial way,
 And leave, involv'd in stench, the mangled prey;
 All but Celeno; --- from a pointed rock
 Where perch'd she sat, the boding fury spoke:
 Then was it not enough, ye sons of Troy,
 Our flocks to slaughter, and our herds destroy?
 But war, shall impious war your wrongs maintain,
 And drive the Harpyes from their native reign?

Hear

Hear then your dreadful doom with due regard,
 Which mighty Jove to Phœbus has declar'd;
 Which Phœbus open'd to Celæno's view,
 And I, the Furies queen, unfold to you.
 To promis'd Italy your course you ply, 340
 And safe to Italy at length shall fly;
 But never, never raise your city there,
 Till, in due vengeance for the wrongs we bear,
 Imperious hunger urge you to devour
 Those very boards on which you fed before. 345

She ceas'd, and fled into the gloomy wood.
 With hearts dejected my companions stood,
 And sudden horrors froze their curdling blood,
 Down drop the shield and spear; from sight we cease;
 And humbly sue by suppliant vows for peace; 350
 And whether goddesses, or fiends from hell,
 Prostrate before the monstrous forms we fell.
 But old Anchises, by the beating floods,
 Invok'd with sacrifice th' immortal gods;
 And rais'd his hands and voice:---Ye pow'rs divine 355
 Avert these woes, and spare a righteous line.
 Then he commands to cut the cords away;
 With southern gales we plow the foamy sea.
 And, where the friendly breeze or pilot guides,
 With flying sails we stem the murmuring tides. 360
 Now, high in view, amid the circling floods
 We ken Zacynthus crown'd with waving woods.
 Dulichian coasts, and samian hills we spy,
 And proud Neritos tow'ring in the sky.
 Rough Ithacæ we shun, a rocky shore, 365
 And curse the land that dire Ulysses bore.
 Then dim Leucate swell'd to sight, who shrouds
 His tall aerial brow in ambient clouds;

Last opens, by degrees, Apollo's fane,
The dread of sailors on the wintry main. 370

To this small town, fatigu'd with toil, we haste ;
The circling anchors from the prows are cast.
Safe to the land beyond our hopes restor'd,
We paid our vows to heaven's almighty lord.
All bright in suppling oil, my friends employ
Their limbs in wrestling, and revive with joy
On actian shores the solemn games of Troy.
Pleas'd we reflect that we had pass'd in peace
Through foes unnumber'd, and the towns of Greece.

}

Meantime the sun his annual race performs, 380
And blust'ring Boreas fills the sea with storms ;
I hung the brazen buckler on the door,
Which once in fight the warlike Abas bore ;

And thus inscrib'd----These arms with blood distain'd,
From conquering Greece the great *Æneas* gain'd ; 385

Then, rous'd at my command, the sailors sweep
And dash with bending oars the sparkling deep.

Soon had we lost Phæacia's sinking tow'rs,
And skimm'd along Epirus' flying shores.

On the chaonian port at length we fall ; 390
Thence we ascend to high Buthrotos' wall.

Astonish'd here a strange report we found,
That trojan Helenus in Greece was crown'd.

The captive prince (victorious Pyrrhus) dead,
At once succeeded to his throne and bed ; 395

And fair Andromache, to Troy restor'd,
Once more was wedded to a dardan lord.

With eager joy I left the fleet, and went
To hail my royal friends, and learn the strange event.

Before the walls, within a gloomy wood, 400
 Where a new Simois roll'd his silver flood;
 By chance, Andromache that moment paid
 The mournful offerings to her Hector's shade.
 A tomb, an empty tomb her hands compose
 Of living turf; and two fair altars rose. 405
 Sad scene! that still provok'd the tears she shed;
 And here the queen invok'd the mighty dead.
 When lo! as I advanc'd, and drew more nigh,
 She saw my trojan arms and ensigns fly;
 So strange a sight astonish'd to survey, 410
 The princess trembles, falls, and faints away.
 Her beauteous frame the vital warmth forsook,
 And, scarce recover'd, thus at length she spoke:

Ha!----is it true?----in person? and alive?
 Still, dost thou still, oh! goddess-born, survive? 415
 Or, if no more thou breathe the vital air,
 Where is my lord, my Hector, tell me where?
 Then, the big sorrow streaming from her eyes,
 She fill'd the air with agonizing cries.
 Few words to sooth her raging grief I say, 420
 And scarce those few, for sobs, could find their way.

Ah! trust your eyes, no phantoms here impose;
 I live indeed, but drag a life of woes.
 Say then, oh say, has Fortune yet been just
 To worth like yours, since Hector sunk in dust? 425
 Or oh! is that great hero's consort led:
 (His dear Andromache) to Pyrrhus' bed?
 To this, with lowly voice, the fair replies,
 While on the ground she fixt her streaming eyes:

Thrice blest Polyxena! condemn'd to fall 430
 By vengeful Greece beneath the trojan wall;

stab'd

Stab'd

Stab'd at Pelides' tomb the victim bled,
 By death deliver'd from the victor's bed.
 Nor lots disgrac'd her with a chain, like me,
 A wretched captive, drag'd from sea to sea 435
 Doom'd that hero's haughty helm, I gave
 A son to Pyrrhus, more than half a slave,
 From me, to fair Hermione he fled
 Of Leda's race, and sought a spartan bed;
 My slighted charms to Helenus resign'd, 440
 And in the bridal bands his captives join'd,
 But fierce Orestes, by the Furies tost
 And mad with vengeance for the bride he lost,
 Swift on the monarch from his ambush flew,
 And at Apollo's hallow'd altar flew. 445
 On Helenus devolv'd (the tyrant slain),
 A portion of the realm, a large domain:
 From Chaon's name the fruitful tract he calls,
 And from old Pergamus, his growing walls.
 But oh! what winds, what fates, what gracious pow'rs 450
 Led you, unknowing, to these friendly shores?
 Does yet Ascanius live, the hope of Troy?
 Does his fond mother's death afflict the boy?
 Or glory's charms his little soul inflame,
 To match my Hector's or his father's fame? 455

So spoke the queen with mingled sobs and cries,
 And tears in vain ran trickling from her eyes.
 When lo! in royal pomp the king descends
 With a long train, and owns his antient friends.
 Then to the town his welcome guests he led; 460
 Tear follow'd tear, at every word he said.
 Here in a foreign region I behold
 A little Troy, an image of the old;

Here

Here creeps along a poor penurious stream,
 That fondly bears Scamander's mighty name: 465
 A second scæan gate I clasp with joy,
 In dear remembrance of the first in Troy.
 With me, the monarch bids my friends, and all,
 Indulge the banquet in the regal hall,
 Crown'd with rich wine the foamy goblets hold; 470
 And the vast feast was serv'd in massy gold.

Two days were past, and now the southern gales
 Call us aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.
 A thousand doubts distract my anxious breast,
 And thus the royal prophet I address'd: 475
 Oh sacred prince of Troy, to whom 'tis giv'n,
 To speak events, and search the will of heav'n,
 The secret mind of Phæbus to declare
 From laurels, tripods, and from every star;
 To know the voice of every fowl that flies, 480
 The signs of every wing that beats the skies;
 Instruct me, sacred seer; since every god,
 With each blest omen, bids me plow the flood
 To reach fair Italy, and measure o'er
 A length of ocean to the destin'd shore: 485
 The Harpy queen, and she alone, relates
 A scene of sad unutterable fates,
 A dreadful famine sent from heaven on high,
 With all the gather'd vengeance of the sky:
 Tell me, what dangers I must first oppose, 490
 And how o'ercome the mighty weight of woes.
 Now, the due victims slain, the king implores
 The grace and favour of th' immortal pow'rs;
 Unbinds the fillets from his sacred head,
 Then, by the hand, in solemn state he led 495

His

His trembling guest to Phœbus' fair abode,
Struck with an awful reverence of the god,
At length, with all the sacred fury fir'd,
Thus spoke the prophet, as the god inspir'd:

Since, mighty chief, the deities, your guides, 500
With prosperous omens waft you o'er the tides,
Such is the doom of Fate, the will of Jove,
The firm decree of him who reigns above:
Hear me, of many things, explain a few,
Your future course with safety to pursue; 505
And, all these foreign floods and countries past,
To reach the wish'd ausonian port at last.
The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal,
And heav'n's dread queen forbids me to reveal.
First then, that Italy, that promis'd land, 510
Tho' thy fond hopes already grasp the strand,
(Tho' now she seems so near,) a mighty tide,
And long, long regions from your reach divide.
Sicilian seas must bend your plunging oars;
Your fleet must coast the fair ausonian shores, 515
And reach the dreadful isle, the dire abode
Where Circe reigns; and stem the stygian flood,
Before your fated city shall ascend.
Hear then, and these auspicious signs attend:
When, lost in contemplation deep, you find 520
A large white mother of the bristly kind,
With her white brood of thirty young, who drain
Her swelling dugs, where Tyber bathes the plain:
There, there, thy town shall rise, my godlike friend,
And all thy labours find their destin'd end. 525
Fear then Celæno's direful threats no more,
That your fierce hunger shall your boards devour.

Apollo,

Apollo, when invoc'd, will teach the way;
 And fate the mystic riddle shall display.
 But these next borders of th'italian shores,
 On whose rough rocky sides our ocean roars,
 Avoid with caution, for the grecian train
 Possess those realms that stretch along the main.
 Here, the fierce Locrians hold their dreadful fear;
 There, brave Idomeneus, expell'd from Crete,
 Has fixt his armies on salentine ground,
 And awes the wide calabrian realms around.
 Here Philoctetes, from thessalian shores,
 Rears strong Petilia fenc'd with walls and tow'rs,
 Soon as transported o'er the rolling floods,
 You pay due vows in honour of the gods,
 When on the shore the smoking altars rise,
 A purple veil draw cautious o'er your eyes;
 Lest hostile faces should appear in sight,
 To blast and discompose the hallow'd rite.
 Observe this form before the sacred shrine,
 Thou, and thy friends, and all thy future line.

When near sicilian coasts thy billowing sails
 At length convey thee with the driving gales;
 Pelorus' straits just opening by degrees;
 Turn from the right; avoid the shores and seas.
 Far to the left thy course in safety keep,
 And fetch a mighty circle round the deep.
 That realm of old, a ruin huge! was rent
 In length of ages from the continent;
 With force convulsive burst the isle away;
 Through the dread opening broke the thund'ring sea:
 At once the thund'ring sea Sicilia tore,
 And sunder'd from the fair hesperian shore;

colloqu

And

Book III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.**87**

And still the neighbouring coasts and towns divides **560**

With scanty channels, and contracted tides.

Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,

Charybdis on the left the flood devours:

Thrice swallow'd in her womb, subsides the sea,

Deep, deep as hell; and thrice she spouts away **565**

From her black bellowing gulphs, disgorg'd on high,

Waves after waves, that dash the distant sky.

Lodg'd in a darksome cavern's dreadful shade,

High o'er the surges Scylla rears her head:

Grac'd with a virgin's breast, and female looks, **570**

She draws the vessels on the pointed rocks.

Below, she lengthens in a monstrous whale,

With dogs surrounded and a dolphin's tail.

But oh! 'tis far, far safer with delay

Still round and round to plow the watry way, **575**

And coast Pachynus, than with curious eyes

To see th' enormous den where Scylla lies;

The dire tremendous fury to explore,

Where, round her cavern'd rocks, her watry monsters roar.

Besides, if Helenus the truth inspires, **580**

If Phœbus warms me with prophetic fires;

One thing in chief, O prince of Venus' strain,

Tho' oft repeated, I must urge again.

To Juno first with gifts and vows repair,

And vanquish heaven's imperial queen with pray'r, **585**

So shall your fleets in safety waft you o'er,

From fair Trinacria to th' hesperian shore;

There when arriv'd you visit Cuma's tow'rs,

Where dark with shady woods Avernus roars,

You see the Sibyl in her rocky cave, **590**

And hear the furious maid divinely rave,

The

The dark decrees of fate the virgin sings,
 And writes on leaves, names, characters, and things.
 The mystic numbers, in the cavern laid,
 Are rang'd in order by the sacred maid ; 595
 There they repose in ranks along the floor ;
 At length a casual wind unfolds the door ;
 The casual wind disorders the decrees,
 And the loose fates are scatter'd by the breeze.
 She scorns to range them, and again unite 600
 The fleeting scrolls, or stop their airy flight.
 Then back retreat the disappointed train,
 And curse the Sibyl they consult in vain.
 But thou more wise, thy purpos'd course delay,
 Though thy rash friends should summon thee away ; 605
 And wait with patience, though the flattering gales
 Sing in thy throwds, and fill thy opening sails.
 With suppliant pray'rs intreat her to relate,
 In vocal accents all thy various fate.
 Her voice th' italian nations shall declare, 610
 And the whole progress of thy future war.
 Thy numerous toils the prophets shall show,
 And how to shun, or suffer every woe.
 With reverence due, her potent aid implore,
 So shalt thou safely reach the distant shore :
 Thus far I tell thee, but must tell no more.
 Proceed, brave prince, with courage in thy wars,
 And raise the trojan glory to the stars.

When thus my fates the royal seer foretold,
 He sent rich gifts of elephant and gold ; 620
 Within my navy's fides large treasures stow'd,
 And brazen cauldrons that refulgent glow'd.

To me the monarch gave a shining mail,
 With many a golden clasp, and golden scale;
 With this, a beauteous radiant helm, that bore
 A waving plume; the helm that Pyrrhus wore.
 My father too with costly gifts he loads,
 And sailors he supplies to stem the floods,
 And generous steeds, and arms to all my train,
 With skilful guides to lead us o'er the main. 630

And now my fire gave orders to unbind
 The gather'd sails, and catch the rising wind;
 Whom thus, at parting, the prophetic sage
 Address'd with all the reverence due to age:
 O favour'd of the skies! whom Venus led 635
 To the high honours of her genial bed,
 Her own immortal beauties to enjoy,
 And twice preserv'd thee from the flames of Troy:
 Lo! to your eyes ausonian coasts appear;
 Go-----to that realm your happy voyage steer. 640

But far beyond those regions you survey,
 Your coasting fleet must cut the lengthen'd way.
 Still, still at distance lies the fated place,
 Assign'd by Phœbus to the trojan race.
 Go then, he said, with full success go on, 645
 Oh blest! thrice blest in such a matchless son.
 Why longer should my words your course detain,
 When the soft gales invite you to the main?

Nor less the queen, her love and grief to tell,
 With costly presents takes her sad farewell. 650
 She gave my son a robe; the robe of old
 Her own fair hands embroider'd o'er with gold:
 With precious vests she loads the darling boy,
 And a refulgent mantle wrought in Troy.

Acpt, dear youth, she said, these robes I wove 655
 A happier days, memorial of my love.
 This trifling token of thy friend receive,
 The last, last present Hector's wife can give.
 Ah! now, methinks, and only now, I see
 My dear Astyanax revive in thee! 660
 Such were his motions! such a sprightly grace
 Charm'd from his eyes, and open'd in his face!
 And had it pleas'd, alas! the pow'rs divine,
 His blooming years had been the same as thine.

Thus then the mournful last farewell I took, 665
 And, bath'd in tears, the royal pair bespoke:
 Live you long happy in a settled state;
 'Tis ours to stwander ill from fate to fate.
 Safe have you gain'd the peaceful port of ease,
 Not doom'd to plow th' immeasurable seas; 670
 Nor seek for Latium, that deludes the view,
 A coast that flies as fast as we pursue.
 Here you a new Scamander can enjoy;
 Here your own hands erect a second Troy:
 With happier omens may she rise in peace, 675
 And less obnoxious than the first to reece!
 If e'er the long-expected shore I gain,
 Where Tyber's streams enrich the flow'ry plain;
 Or if I live to raise our fated town;
 Our latian Troy and yours shall join in one; 680
 In one shall center both the kindred states,
 The same their founder, and the same their fates!
 And may their sons to future times convey
 The sacred friendship which we sign to-day.
 e take to Italy Wthe shortest road, 685
 By steep ceraunian mountains, o'er the flood.

Now

Book III. VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

91

Now the descending sun roll'd down the light,
The hills lie cover'd in the shades of night.

When some by lot attend, and ply the oars;
Some, worn with toil, lie stretch'd along the shores. 690

There, by the murmurs of the heaving deep
Rock'd to repose, they sunk in pleasing sleep.

Scarce half the hours of silent night were fled,
When careful Palinure forakes his bed;

And every breath explores that stirs the seas, 695
And watchful listens to the passing breeze;

Observes the course of every orb on high,
That moves in silent pomp along the sky.

Arcturus dreadful with his stormy star,
The watry Hyads, and the northern car, 700

In the blue vault his piercing eyes behold,
And huge Orion flame in arms of gold.

When all serene he saw th' æth'ial plain,
He gave the signal to the slumbering train.

We rouse; our opening canvas we display, 705
And wing with spreading sails the watry way.

Now every star before Aurora flies,
Whose glowing blushes streak the purple skies:

When the dim hills of Italy we view'd,
That peep'd by turns, and div'd beneath the flood. 710

Lo! Italy appears, Achates cries,
And Italy, with shouts, the crowd replies.

My fire, transported, crowns a bowl with wine,
Stands on the deck, and calls the pow'rs divine:

Ye gods! who rule the tempests, earth, and seas, 715
Besfriend our course, and breathe a prosperous breeze.

Upsprung th' expected breeze; the port we spy,
Near, and more near; and Pallas' fane on high,

With the steep hill, rose dancing to the eye. }

Our sails are furl'd; and from the seas profound, 720
We turn the prows to land, while Ocean foams around.

Where from the raging east the surges flow,
The land indented bends an ample bow;
The port conceal'd within the winding shore,
Dash'd on the fronting cliffs, the billows roar, 725
Two lofty tow'ring rocks extended wide,
With outstretch'd arms embrace the murmuring tide.
Within the mighty wall the waters lie,
And from the coast the temple seems to fly.

Here first, a dubious omen I beheld; 730
Four milk-white coursers graz'd the verdant field,
War, cry'd my fire, these hostile realms prepare;
Train'd to the fight, these steeds denounce the war.
But since sometimes they bear the guiding rein,
Yok'd to the car; the hopes of peace remain. 735

urThen, oas her temple rais'd shouts, we paid
Our first devotions to the martial maid.

Next, as the rules of Helenus enjoin, 740
We veil'd our heads at Juno's sacred shrine;

And fought heav'n's awful queen with rites divine.

This done; --- once more with shifting sails we fly,

And cautious pass the hostile regions by.

Hence we renown'd Tarentum's bay behold,

Renown'd, 'tis said, from Hercules of old.

ppes'd, Lacinia's temple rose on high, 745

And proud caulonian tow'rs salute the sky.

Then, near the rocky scylacæan bay

For wrecks defam'd, we plow the watry way.

Now we behold, emerging to our eyes

From distant floods, sicilian Ætna rise; 750

And

And hear a thund'ring din, and dreadful roar
Of billows breaking on the rocky shore.
The smoaking waves boil high, on every side,
And scoop the sands, and blacken all the tide.
Charybdis' gulph, my father cries, behold! 755
The direful rocks the royal seer foretold;
Ply, ply your oars, and stretch to every stroke:
Swift as the word, their ready oars they took;
First skilful Palinure; then all the train
Steer to the left, and plow the liquid plain. 760

Now on a tow'ring arch of waves we rise,
Heav'd on the bounding billows, to the skies.
Then, as the roaring surge retreating fell,
We shoot down headlong to the depths of hell.
Thrice the rough rocks rebellow in our ears; 765
Thrice mount the foamy tides, and dash the stars.

The wind now sinking with the lamp of day,
Spent with our toils, and dubious of the way;
We reach the dire cyclopean shore, that forms
An ample port, impervious to the storms. 770
But Ætna roars with dreadful ruins nigh,
Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,
Involv'd in smoaky whirlwinds to the sky;
With loud dislosion, to the starry frame
Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame: 775
Now from her bellowing caverns burst away
Vast piles of melted rocks, in open day.
Her shatter'd entrails wide the mountain throws,
And deep as hell her burning center glows.
On vast Enceladus this pond'rous load 780
Was thrown in vengeance by the thund'ring god;

Who pants beneath the mountain, and expires;
 Through openings huge, the fierce tempestuous fires;
 Oft as he shifts his side, the caverns roar;
 With smoke and flame the skies are cover'd o'er; 785
 And all Trinacria shakes from shore to shore;
 That night we heard the loud tremendous sound,
 The monstrous mingled peal that thunder'd round;
 While in the shelter'd ring wood we sought repose,
 Nor knew from whence the dreadful tumult rose. 790
 For not one star displays his golden light;
 The skies lie cover'd in the shades of night;
 The silver moon her glimmering splendor shrouds
 In gathering vapours, and a night of clouds.

Now fled the dewy shades of night away;
 Before the blushes of the dawning day;
 When, from the wood, shot sudden forth in view
 A wretch, in rags that flutter'd as he flew.
 The human form in meager hunger lost;
 The suppliant stranger, more than half a ghost, 800
 Stretch'd forth his hands, and pointed to the coast.
 We turn'd to view the sight;—his vest was torn,
 And all the tatter'd garb was tagg'd with thorn.
 His beard hangs long, and dust the wretch distains,
 And scarce the shadow of a man remains. 805
 In all besides, a Grecian he appears,
 And late a soldier in the trojan wars.
 Soon as our dardan dress and arms he view'd,
 In fear suspended for a space he stood;
 Stood, stop'd, and paus'd; then, springing forth, he flies
 All headlong to the shore with pray'rs and cries:
 Oh! by this vital air, the stars on high,
 By every pitying pow'r who treads the sky!

Ye

Ye Trojans, take me hence; I ask no more;
 But bear, oh bear me from this dreadful shore.
 I own myself a Grecian, and confess
 I storm'd your Ilion with the sons of Greece.
 If that offence must doom me to the grave,
 Ye Trojans, plunge me in the whelming wave.
 I die contented, if that grace I gain;
 I die with pleasure, if I die by man.

Then kneel'd the wretch, and suppliant clung around
 My knees with tears, and grovel'd on the ground.
 Mov'd with his cries, we urge him to relate
 His name, his lineage, and his cruel fate:
 Then by the hand my good old father took
 The trembling youth, who thus encourag'd spoke.

Ulysses' friend, your empire to destroy,
 I left my native Ithaca for Troy.

My fire, poor Adamasus, sent from far
 His son, his Achæmenides, to war;
 Oh! had we both our humble state maintain'd,
 And safe in peace and poverty remain'd!

For me my friends forgetful left behind,
 In the huge Cyclops' ample cave confin'd.

Floating with human gore, the dreadful dome
 Lies wide and waste, a solitary gloom!
 With mangled limbs was all the pavement spread;

High as the stars he heaves his horrid head.
 The tow'ring giant stalks with matchless might;
 A savage fiend! tremendous to the sight.

(Far, far from earth, ye heav'nly pow'rs, repell
 A fiend so direful to the depths of hell!)

For slaughter'd mortals are the monster's food,
 The bodies he devours, and quaffs the blood.

These eyes beheld him, when his ample hand
 Seiz'd two poor wretches of our trembling band.
 Stretch o'er the cavern, with a dreadful stroke,
 He snatch'd, he dash'd, he brain'd 'em on the rock.
 In one black torrent swam the smoaking floor;
 Fierce he devours the limbs that drop with gore;
 The limbs yet sprawling, dreadful to survey!
 Still heave and quiver while he grinds the prey.

But mindful of himself, that fatal hour,
 Not unreveng'd their death Ulysses bore. 855

For while the nodding savage sleeps supine,
 Gorg'd with his horrid feast, and drown'd in wine;
 And, stretch'd o'er half the cave, ejects the load
 Of human offals mixt with human blood:

Trembling, by lot we took our posts around
 Th' enormous giant slumb'ring on the ground. 860

Then (every god invoc'd, who rules the sky)
 Plunge the sharp weapon in his monstrous eye;
 His eye, that midst his frowning forehead shone
 Like some broad buckler, or the blazing sun. 865

Thus we reveng'd our dear companions lost:
 But fly, ye Trojans, fly this dreadful coast.

For know, a hundred horrid Cyclops more
 Range on these hills, and dwell along the shore,

As huge as Polypheme, the giant swain,
 Who milk, like him, in caves the woolly train. 870

Now thrice the moon, fair empress of the night,
 Has fill'd her growing horns with borrow'd light,
 Since in these woods I pass'd the hours away,
 In dens of beasts, and savages of prey, 875

Saw on the rocks the Cyclops ranging round
 Heard their loud footsteps thund'ring on the ground,
 With each big bellowing voice, and trembled at the sound. }

Here every stony fruit I pluck for food,
Herbs, cornels, roots, and berries of the wood. 880
While round I gaze, your fleet I first explore,
The first that touch'd on this detested shore,
To 'scape these savages, I flew with joy
To meet your navy, though it sail'd from Troy.
If I but shun the cruel hands of these; 885
Do you destroy me, by what death you please.

Scarce had he said; when lo! th' enormous swain,
Huge Polyphemus, 'midst his fleecy train,
A bulk prodigious! from the mountain's brow
Descends terrific to the shore below: 890
A monster grim, tremendous, vast, and high;
His front deform'd, and quench'd his blazing eye!
His huge hand held a pine, tall, large, and strong,
To guide his footsteps as he tower'd along.
His flock attends, the only joy he knows; 895
His pipe around his neck, the solace of his woes.
Soon as the giant reach'd the deeper flood
With many a groan he cleans'd the gather'd blood
From his bor'd eye-ball in the briny main,
And, bellowing, grinds his teeth in agonizing pain. 900
Then stalks enormous through the midmost tides;
And scarce the topmost surges reach his sides.

Aboard, the well-deserving Greek we took,
And, pale with fear, the dreadful coast forsook;
Cut every cord with eager speed away, 905
Bend to the stroke, and sweep the foamy sea.
The giant heard; and, turning to the sound,
At first pursu'd us through the vast profound;
Stretch'd his huge hand to reach the fleet in vain;
Nor could he ford the deep ionian main. 910

With that, the furious monster roar'd so loud,
That Ocean shook in every distant flood;
Trembled all Italy from shore to shore;
And *Ætna's* winding caves rebellow to the roar.

Rouz'd at the peal, the fierce cyclopean train 915
Rush from their woods and mountains to the main;
Around the port the ghastly brethren stand,
A dire assembly! covering all the strand.
In each grim forehead blaz'd the single eye;
In vain enrag'd the monstrous race we spy, 920
A host of giants tow'ring in the sky.
So on some mountain tow'rs the lofty grove
Of beauteous *Dian*, or imperial *Jove*;
Th' ærial pines in pointed spires from far,
Or spreading oaks, majestic nod in air. 925
Headlong we fly with horror, where the gales
And speeding winds direct the fluttering sails.
But *Helenus* forbids to plow the waves,
Where *Scylla* roars, and fierce *Charybdis* raves.
As death stands dreadful 'midst the dangerous road, 930
With backward course we plow the foamy flood;
When, from *Pelorus'* point, a northern breeze
Swell every sail, and wafts us o'er the seas;
First, where *Pantagia's* mouth appear'd in view,
Flank'd by a range of rocks, the navy flew: 935
Then, shooting by the fam'd *megærean* bay
And lowly *Tapfus*, cut the watry way.
These coasts by *Achæmenides* were shown,
Who follow'd, late, *Laërtes'* wand'ring son:
Familiar with the track he pass'd before, 940
He names the lands, and points out every shore.

An isle, once call'd Ortygia, fronts the sides
 Of rough Plemmyrium, and sicilian tides:
 Hither, 'tis said, Alphæus, from his source
 In Elis' realms, directs his watry course: 945
 Beneath the main he takes his secret way,
 And mounts with Arethusa's streams to day:
 Now a sicilian flood his course he keeps,
 And rolls with blended waters to the deeps.
 Admonish'd, I adore the guardian gods, 920
 Then pass the bounds of rich Helorus' floods.
 Next our fleet gallies by Pachymus glide:
 Whose rocks projecting stretch into the tide.
 The camarinian marsh I now survey,
 By fate forbidden to be drain'd away. 955
 Then the geloan fields with Gela came
 In view, who borrow'd from the flood their name.
 With her huge walls proud Agragas succeeds;
 A realm, of old renown'd for generous steeds.
 From thee, Selinus, swift before the wind 960
 We flew, and left thy sinking palms behind;
 By Lylibæum's sides our course pursu'd,
 Whose rocks insidious hide beneath the flood:
 And reach (those dangerous shelves and shallows past)
 The fatal port of Drepanum at last. 965
 Wretch as I was, on this detested coast,
 The chief support of all my woes, I lost;
 My dear, dear father----sav'd, but sav'd in vain
 From all the tempests of the raging main.
 Nor did the royal sage this blow foretell;
 Nor did the direful Harpy-queen of hell, 970
 Among her frightful prodigies, foreshow
 This last sad stroke, this unexpected woe.

Here all my labours, all my toils were o'er,
And hence heav'n led me to your friendly shore. 975

Thus, while the room was hush'd, the prince relates
The wondrous series of his various fates ;
His long, long wand'rings, and unnumber'd woes :
Then ceas'd ; and sought the blessings of repose. 979

The END of the THIRD BOOK.



VIRGIL'S

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VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, with the consent of Venus, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be compleated. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT love inflam'd the queen ; the raging pain
Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.
Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,
And much the glories of his godlike line ;
Each look, each accent breaks her golden rest, 5
Lodg'd in her soul, and imag'd in her breast.

The morn had chas'd the dewy shades away,
And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day ;
When to her sister thus the royal dame
Disclos'd the secret of her growing flame. 10

Anna,

Anna, what dreams are these that haunt my rest ?
 Who is this heroe, this our godlike guest ?
 Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms ;
 How great a prince ! and how renown'd in arms !
 Sure he descends from some celestial kind ;
 For fear attends the low degenerate mind. 15
 But oh ! what wars, what battles he relates !
 How long he struggled with his adverse fates !
 Did not my soul her purpose still retain,
 Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again, 20
 Since from my widow'd arms the murdering sword
 Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy lord ;
 Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,
 And the bare mention of the bridal bed----
 Forgive my frailty----but I seem inclin'd 25
 To yield to this one weakness of my mind.
 For oh ! my sister, unreserv'd and free
 I trust the secret of my soul to thee ;
 Since poor Sichæus, by my brother slain,
 Dash'd with his blood the consecrated fane, 30
 And stain'd the gods ; my firm resolves, I own,
 This graceful prince has shook, and this alone.
 I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,
 Too like the tokens of my former flame.
 But oh ! may earth her dreadful gulph display, 35
 And gaping snatch me from the golden day ;
 May I be hurl'd, by heaven's almighty fire,
 Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,
 Down to the shades of hell from realms of light,
 The deep, deep shades of everlasting night ; 40
 Ere, sacred Honour ! I betray thy cause
 In word, or thought, or violate thy laws.

No !

No !----my first lord, my first ill-fated spouse,
 Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.
 My love he had, and ever let him have, 45
 Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.
 Then, by her rising grief o'erwhelm'd, she ceas'd:
 The tears ran trickling down her heaving breast.
 Sister, the fair replies, whom far above
 The light of heav'n, or life itself I love; 50
 Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,
 And waste your youth in solitude away?
 And shall no pleasing theme your thoughts employ?
 The prattling infant, or the bridal joy?
 Think you such cares disturb your husband's shade, 55
 Or stir the sacred ashes of the dead?
 What though before, no lover won your grace,
 Among the tyrian, or the libyan race?
 With just disdain you pass'd Iarbas o'er,
 And many a king whom warlike Afric bore. 60
 But will you fly the hero you approve
 And steel your heart against a prince you love?
 Nor will you once reflect what regions bound
 Your infant empire, and your walls surround?
 Here proud gætulian cities tow'r in air, 65
 Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war;
 There the dread Syrtes stretch along the main,
 And there the wild Barcæans range the plain;
 Here parch'd with thirst a smoking region lies,
 There fierce in arms the brave Numidians rise. 70
 Why should I urge our vengeful brother's ire?
 The war just bursting from the gates of Tyre?
 Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore
 The fleets of Ilion to the libyan shore,

From

From such a marriage, soon your joyful eyes
Shall see a potent town and empire rise. 75

What scenes of glory, Carthage must enjoy,
When our confederate arms unite with Troy?

Go then, propitiate heav'n; due offerings pay;
Carefs, invite your godlike guest to stay, 80 }
And study still new causes of delay.

Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,
Orion rages on the wintry main;
That still unrigg'd his shatter'd vessels lie,
Nor can his fleet endure so rough a sky. 85

These words soon scatter'd the remains of shame;
Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the rising flame.

With speed they seek the temples, and implore
With rich oblations each celestial pow'r.

Selected sheep with holy rites they slay 90
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.

But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,
To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.

The queen before the snowy heifer stands,
Amid the shrines, a goblet in her hands; 95

Between the horns she sheds the sacred wine,
And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine;

Moves round the fane in solemn pomp, and loads,
Day after day, the altars of the gods.

Then hovering o'er, the fair consults in vain 100
The panting entrails of the victims slain:

For ah! no sacred rites her pain remove;
Priests, pray'rs, and temples! what are you to love?

With passion fir'd, her reason quite o'erthrown,
The hapless queen runs raving thro' the town. 105

Soft

Soft flames consume her vitals, and the dart,
 Deep, deep within, lies festering in her heart.
 So sends the heedless hunter's twanging bow
 The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;
 Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain, 110
 She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
 Shoots o'er the cretan lawns with many a bound,
 The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound!

Now the fond princess leads her hero on,
 Shows him her tyrian wealth, and growing town; 115
 Displays her pompous tow'rs that proudly rise,
 And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize;
 Now, as she tries to tell her raging flame,
 Stops short,---and falters, check'd by conscious shame:
 Now, at the close of evening, calls her guest, 120
 To share the banquet, and renew the feast:
 She fondly begs him to repeat once more
 The trojan story that she heard before;
 Then to distraction charm'd, in rapture hung
 On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue. 125
 But when the setting stars to rest invite,
 And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light;
 When all the guests retire to soft repose;
 Left in the hall, she sighs, and vents her woes,
 Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears, 130
 In fancy sees her absent prince, and hears
 His charming voice still sounding in her ears. }
 Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,
 The young Ascanius on her lap she took,
 With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd; 135
 In vain!--the father charms her in the child.

No more the tow'rs, unfinish'd, rise in air :
 The youth, undisciplin'd, no more prepare
 Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war ;
 The works and battlements neglected lie, 140
 And the proud structures cease to brave the sky.

The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,
 That fir'd her soul ; and honour pleads in vain,
 This Juno saw, and thus the bride of Jove,
 In guileful terms address'd the queen of love : 145
 A high exploit indeed ! a glorious name,
 Unfading trophies and eternal fame,
 You, and your son have worthily pursu'd !
 Two gods a single woman have subdu'd !
 To me your groundless jealousies are known, 150
 And dark suspicions of this tyrian town.

But why, why goddess, to what aim or end
 In lasting quarrels should we still contend ?
 Hence then from strife resolve we both to cease,
 And by the nuptial band confirm the peace. 155
 To crown your wish, the queen with fond desire
 Dies for your son, and melts with amorous fire.
 Let us with equal sway protect the place,
 The common guardians of the mingled race.
 Be Tyre the dow'r to seal the glad accord, 160
 And royal Dido serve this phrygian lord.

To whom the queen ; (who mark'd with piercing eyes
 The goddess labouring, in the dark disguise,
 To libyan shores from Latium to convey
 The destin'd seat of universal sway ;) 165
 Who this alliance madly would deny ?
 Or war with thee, dread empress of the sky ?

And

And oh! that Fortune in the work would join,
 With full success to favour the design!
 But much I doubt, O goddess, if the Fates,
 Or Jove permit us to unite the states.
 You, as his consort, your request may move,
 And search the will, or bend the mind of Jove.
 Go then----your scheme before the father lay;
 Go;----and I follow, where you lead the way.

Be mine the care; th' imperial dame replies,
 To gain the god, the sovereign of the skies.
 Then heed my counsel----when the dawning light
 Drives from the opening world the shades of night;
 The prince and queen, transfix'd with amorous flame,
 Bend to the woods to hunt the savage game.
 There, while the crowds the forest-walks beset,
 Swarm round the woods, and spread the waving net;
 The skies shall burst upon the sportive train
 In forms of hail, and deluges of rain:
 The gather'd tempest o'er their heads shall roll,
 And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.
 On every side shall fly the scattering crowds,
 Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.
 To the same cave for shelter shall repair
 The trojan hero and the royal fair.
 The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,
 Ourself in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.
 The goddess gave consent, the compact bound,
 But smil'd in secret at the fraud she found.

Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,
 And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,
 When, pouring through the gates, the train appear,
 Massylian hunters with the steely spear,
 Sagacious hounds, and toys, and all the sylvan war.

The queen engag'd in dress, --- with reverence wait
 The tyrian peers before the regal gate.
 Her steed, with gold and purple cover'd round,
 Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.
 At length she comes, magnificently dress'd 205
 (Her guards attending) in a tyrian vest.
 Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;
 A golden quiver rattles at her side;
 A golden clasp her purple garment binds,
 And robes, that flew redundant in the winds. 210
 Next with the youthful Trojans to the sport
 The fair Ascanius issues from the court.
 But far the fairest, and supremely tall,
 Tow'rs great Æneas, and outshines them all.
 As when from Lycia bound in wintry frost, 215
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the smiling coast,
 The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,
 And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;
 The cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,
 And painted Scythians round his altars dance; 220
 Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head infold,
 His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;
 The god majestic moves o'er Cynthus' brows,
 His golden quiver rattling as he goes.
 So mov'd Æneas; such his charming grace; 225
 So glow'd the purple bloom, that flush'd his godlike face.
 Soon as the train amid the mountains came,
 And form'd the coverts of the savage game;
 The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow
 From rock to rock, and sought the fields below. 230
 Here the fleet stags, chas'd down the tow'ring steep,
 In clouds of dust through the long valleys sweep;

While

While there, exulting, to his utmost speed
 The young Ascanius spurs his fiery steed,
 Outstrips by turns the flying social train,
 And scorns the meaner triumphs of the plain;
 The hopes of glory all his soul inflame;
 Bager he longs to run at nobler game,
 And drench his youthful javelin in the gore
 Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar. 240

Meantime loud thunders rattle round the sky,
 And hail and rain, in mingled tempest, fly;
 While floods on floods, in swelling turbid tides,
 Roll roaring down the mountain's channel'd sides,
 The young Ascanius, and the hunting train, 245
 To close retreats fled diverse o'er the plain.
 To the same gloomy cave with speed repair
 The trojan heroe and the royal fair.
 Earth shakes, and Juno gives the nuptial signs;
 With quivering flames the glimmering grotto shines: 250
 With light'nings all the conscious skies are spread;
 The nymphs run shrieking round the mountain's head.
 From that sad day, unhappy Dido! rose
 Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.

Nor fame nor censure now the queen can move, 255
 No more she labours to conceal her love.
 Her passion stands avow'd; and wedlock's name
 Adorns the crime, and sanctifies the shame.

Now Fame, tremendous fiend! without delay
 Through libyan cities took her rapid way. 260
 Fame, the swift plague, that every moment grows,
 And gains new strength and vigour as she goes.
 First small with fear, she swells to wond'rous size,
 And stalks on earth, and tow'rs above the skies;

Whom,

Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth 265
 Produc'd the last of her gigantic birth;
 A monster huge, and dreadful to the eye,
 With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.
 Beneath her plumes the various fury bears
 A thousand piercing eyes and list'ning ears; 270
 And with a thousand mouths and babbling tongues appears.
 Thund'ring by night, through heaven and earth she flies,
 No golden-slumbers seal her watchful eyes;
 On tow'rs or battlements she sits by day,
 And shakes whole towns with terror and dismay, 275
 Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,
 Reports a truth, or publishes a lye:
 Now both she mingled with malignant joy,
 And told the nations, that a prince from Troy
 Inflam'd with love the tyrian queen, who led 280
 The godlike stranger to her bridal bed;
 That both, indulging to their soft desires
 And deaf to censure, melt in amorous fires;
 From every thought the cares of state remove,
 And the long winter pass'd away in love. 285
 This tale the fury glories to display,
 Then to the king Iarbas bent her way;
 With jealous rage the furious prince inspires,
 And all his soul with indignation fires.
 This monarch sprung from Ammon's warm embrace 290
 With a fair nymph of garamantic race.
 The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd;
 An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,
 Through all his realms, in honour of his fire;
 And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire; 295

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With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,
And drench'd the soil with consecrated gore.
Amid the statues of the gods he stands,
And, spreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,
Fir'd with the tale, and raving with despair, 300
Prefers in bitterness of soul his pray'r:

Almighty Jove! to whom our moorish line
In large libations pour the generous wine,
And feast on painted beds; say, father, say,
If yet thy eyes these flagrant crimes survey. 305
Or do we vainly tremble and adore,
When thro' the skies the pealing thunders roar?
Thine are the bolts? or idly do they fall,
And rattle through the dark ærial hall?
A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown, 310
Rais'd on a purchas'd spot a slender town;
On terms ourself prescrib'd, was glad to gain
A barren tract that runs along the main;
The profer'd nuptials of thy son abhorr'd;
But to her throne receives a dardan lord. 315
And lo! this second Paris comes again,
With his unmanly, soft, luxurious train,
In scented tresses and a mitre gay,
To bear my bride, his ravish'd prize, away;
While still in vain we bid thy altars flame, 320
And pay our vows to nothing but a name.
Him, as he grasp'd his altars, and prefer'd
His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard;
Then to the palace turn'd his awful eye,
Where, careless of their fame, the lovers lie. 325
The god, that scene offended to survey,
Charg'd with his high command the son of May:

Fly,

Fly, fly, my son, our orders to perform ;
 Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid storm ;
 Fly-----to yon dardan chief in Carthage bear 330
 Our awful mandate through the fields of air,
 Who idly ling'ring in the tyrian state,
 Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.
 Not such a prince, the beauteous queen of love
 (When twice she sav'd him) promis'd him to Jove ; 335
 A prince she promis'd, who by deeds divine
 Should prove he sprung from Teucer's martial line ;
 Whose sword imperial Italy should awe,
 A warlike realm! and give the world the law.
 If no such glories can his mind inflame,
 If he neglects his own immortal fame ; 340
 What has his heir the young Ascanius done ?
 Why should he grudge an empire to his son ?
 What scheme, what prospect can the chief propose,
 So long to loiter with a race of foes ? 345
 The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,
 And quite neglect the destin'd latian shore ?
 Haste----bid him fail----be this our will ; and bear
 With speed this mandate through the fields of air.
 Swift as the word, the duteous son of May 350
 Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey ;
 First round his feet the golden wings he bound,
 That speed his progress o'er the seas profound,
 On earth's unmeasur'd regions, as he flies,
 Wrap'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the skies. 355
 Then grasp'd the wand ; the wand that calls the ghosts
 From hell, or drives 'em to the stygian coasts,
 Invites or chafes sleep with wond'rous pow'r,
 And opes those eyes that death had seal'd before.

Thus

Thus arm'd, on wings of winds sublimely rode 360

Thro' heaps of opening clouds the flying god.

From far huge Atlas' rocky sides he spies,

Atlas, whose head supports the starry skies:

Beat by the winds and driving rains, he shrouds

His shady forehead in surrounding clouds; 365

With ice his horrid beard is crusted o'er;

From his bleak brows the gushing torrents pour;

Out-spread, his mighty shoulders heave below

The hoary piles of everlasting snow.

Here on pois'd pinions stoop'd the parting god; 370

Then, from the steep, shot headlong to the flood.

As the swift sea-mew, for the fishy prey,

In low excursions skims along the sea,

By rocks and shores, and wings th' ærial way;

So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies 375

Between th' extended earth and starry skies;

Thus through the parting air his course he bore,

And, gliding, skim'd along the libyan shore.

Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,

He finds the prince forgetful of his fame: 380

The rising domes employ his idle hours,

Th' unfinish'd palaces and tyrian tow'rs.

A sword all starr'd with gemms, and spangled o'er

With yellow jaspers, at his side he wore;

A robe refulgent from his shoulders flow'd, 385

That, flaming, deep with tyrian crimson glow'd;

The work of Dido; whose unrivall'd art

With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.

To whom the god:----These hours canst thou employ

To raise proud Carthage, heedless prince of Troy? 390

F

Thus

Thus for a foreign bride to build a town
 And form a state, forgetful of thy own ?
 The Lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove,
 With this command dispatch'd me from above ;
 What are thy hopes from this thy long delay ? 395
 Why thus in Libya pass thy hours away ?
 If future empire cease thy thoughts to raise,
 Or the fair prospect of immortal praise ;
 Regard Ascanius, prince, the royal boy ;
 The last, the best surviving hope of Troy ; 400
 To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,
 The long, long glories of imperial Rome.
 He spoke, and speaking left him gazing there ;
 And all the fluid form dissolv'd in air.

The prince astonish'd stood, with horror stung ; 405
 Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue ;
 Struck and alarm'd with such a dread command,
 He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.
 But ah ! with what address shall he begin,
 How speak his purpose to the raving queen ? 410
 A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,
 That turns each way, and strains on every side :
 A thousand projects labouring in his breast,
 On this at last he fixes as the best :
 Mnestheus and brave Cloanthus he commands 415
 To rig the fleet, to summon all the bands
 In secret silence to the shore, and hide
 The sudden cause, that bids them tempt the tide.
 Then while fair Dido, sick with fond desire,
 Thinks such a boundless love can ne'er expire, 420
 Himself the proper measures will prepare
 To move the queen, and seize with watchful care
 The softest moments to address the fair, }

With speed impatient fly the chiefs away,
And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey. 435

But soon the fraud unhappy Dido spies;
(For what can 'scape a lover's piercing eyes,
Who e'en in safety fears with wild affright?)

She first discern'd the meditated flight;
And Fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys, 430

The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the seas.
Mad with despair, and all her soul on flame,
Around the city raves the royal dame:

So the fierce Bacchanal with frantick cries,
Stung by the god, to proud Cithæron flies, 435

And shakes her ivy spear and raves around;
While the huge mountain echoes to the sound.

At length, by potent love and grief oppress'd,
The queen, her recreant lover, first address'd:

And couldst thou hope, dissembler, from my fight, 440
Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight?

In such base silence from my realms to sail?
Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,

Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?
For death, death only can relieve my pain: 445

And are thy vessels launch'd, while winter sweeps
With the rough northern blast the roaring deeps?

Barbarian! say, if Troy herself had stood,
Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,

Wouldst thou thy sails in stormy seas employ, 450
And brave the surge to gain thy native Troy?

Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?
Ah! by the tears I shed, the hand you gave;

(For these still mine, and only these remain;
The tears I shed, the hand you gave in vain!) 455

By those late solemn nuptial bands I plead,
 By those first pleasures of the bridal bed;
 If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,
 You sigh'd, and prais'd these now-neglected charms:
 If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply, 460
 Regard, *Æneas*, with a pitying eye
 A falling race, and lay thy purpose by.
 For thee numidian kings in arms conspire;
 For thee have I incens'd the sons of Tyre;
 For thee I lost my honour and my fame, 465
 That to the stars advanc'd my glorious name.
 Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore,
 My barbarous guest! --- but ah! --- my spouse and more! Ah
 What --- shall I wait, till fierce *Pygmalion* pours
 From Tyre on Carthage, and destroys my tow'r? 470
 Shall I in proud *Iarbas*' chains be led
 A slave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?
 Ah! --- had I brought, before thy fatal flight,
 Some little offspring of our loves to light;
 If in my regal hall I could survey 475
 Some princely boy, some young *Æneas* play;
 Thy dear resemblance but in looks alone!
 I should not seem quite widow'd and undone.

She said; the prince stood still in grief profound,
 And fix'd his eyes relentless on the ground; 480
 By Jove's high will admonish'd from the skies;
 At length the hero thus in brief replies.

Your boonties, queen, I never can forget;
 And never; never pay the mighty debt;
 But, long as life informs this fleeting frame, 485
 My soul shall honour fair *Eliza*'s name.

Then hear my plea :— By stealth I ne'er design'd
 To leave your hospitable realms behind;
 Forbear the thought;— much less in Libyan lands,
 A casual guest, to own the bridal bands;
 Had fate allow'd, might I consult my ease,
 To live and settle on what terms I please;
 Still had I stay'd in Asia, to enjoy
 The dear, dear relics of my native Troy:
 Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again,
 A second Ilium for my vanquish'd train.
 But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command
 Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land;
 Thither, inspir'd by oracles, I move,
 There lies my country, and there lies my love.
 If you your rising Carthage thus admire
 In these strange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,
 Why should not Teucer's race be free to gain
 The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain?
 Oft as the stars display their fiery light,
 And earth lies cover'd in the shades of night,
 My father's angry spirit blames my stay,
 Stalks round my bed, and summons me away.
 Long has Ascanius call'd me hence in vain,
 By me defrauded of his destin'd reign.
 And now, ev'n now, the messengers of Jove
 (Both gods can witness) shot from heav'n above:
 Charg'd with the thunderer's high commands, he flow,
 The glorious form appear'd in open view.
 I saw him pass these lofty walls, and hear
 His awful voice still murmuring in my ear.
 Then cease, my beauteous princess, to complain;
 Nor let us both be discompos'd in vain:

From these dear arms to Latium forc'd away ;
'Tis fate that calls, and fate I must obey. 520

Thus while he spoke, with high disdain and pride
She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every side,
That glance in silence o'er the guilty man,
And, all inflam'd with fury, she began :

Pefidious monster ! boast thy birth no more ;
No heroe got thee, and no goddess bore.
No !---thou wert brought by scythian rocks to day,
By tigers nurs'd, and savages of prey ;
But far more rugged, wild and fierte than they.
For why, ah ! why the traitor should I spare ?
What baser wrongs can I be doom'd to bear ?
Did he once deign to turn his scornful eyes ?
Did he once groan at all my piercing sighs ?
Drop'd he one tear in pity to my cries ?
Calm he look'd on, and saw my passion burst.
Which, which of all his insults was the worst ?
And yet great Jove and Juno from the sky
Behold his treason with a careless eye ;
Guilt, guilt prevails ; and justice is no more.
The needy wretch just cast upon my shore,
Fool as I was ! with open arms I led
At once a partner to my throne and bed ;
From instant death I sav'd his famish'd train,
His shatter'd fleet I stor'd and rigg'd again.
But ah ! I rave ;---my soul the furies fire !
Now great Apollo warns him to retire ;
With all his oracles forbids to stay ;
And now through air the feather'd son of May
Conveys Jove's orders from the blest abodes ;
A care well worthy to disturb the gods !

Go then ; I plead not, nor thy flight delay ;
 Go, seek new kingdoms through the watry way :
 But there may every god, thy crime provokes,
 Reward thy guilt, and dash thee on the rocks ;
 Then shalt thou call, amid the howling main, 555
 On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain ;
 For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the sky,
 Flash in thy face, or glare tremendous by.
 When death's cold hand my struggling soul shall free,
 My ghost in every place shall wait on thee : 560
 My vengeful spirit shall thy torments know,
 And smile with transport in the realms below.
 With that, abrupt she took her sudden flight ;
 Sick of the day, she loaths the golden light ;
 And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to say 565
 Ten thousand things, disdainfully away ;
 Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led
 The fainting princess to the regal bed.

But though the pious heroe tries with care,
 And melting words, to sooth her fierce despair, 570
 Stung with the pains and agonies of love,
 Still he regards the high commands of Jove ;
 Repairs the fleet ; and soon the busy train
 Roll down the lofty vessels to the main.
 New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood ; 575
 Whole trees they bring, unfashion'd from the wood,
 And leafy saplings to supply their oars,
 Pour from the town, and darken all the shores.
 So when the pismires, an industrious train,
 Embod'y'd, rob some golden heap of grain, 580
 Studious, e'er stormy winter frowns, to lay
 Safe in their darksome cells the treasur'd prey ;

In one long track the dusky legions lead
 Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead:
 Here, bending with the load, a panting throng
 With force conjoin'd heave some huge grain along:
 Some, lash the stragglers to the task assign'd;
 Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind:
 They crowd the peopled path in thick array,
 Glow at the work, and darken all the way.

At that sad prospect, that tormenting scene,
 What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen!
 How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r
 Thy eyes survey'd the tumult on the shore;
 When on the floods thou heard'st the shouting train
 Plow with resounding oars the watry plain
 To what submissions of what low degree,
 Are mortals urg'd, imperious Love, by thee?
 Once more she flies to pray'rs and tears, to move
 Th' obdurate prince; and anger moves to love;
 Tries all her suppliant female arts again
 Before her death; --- but tries 'em all in vain:

Sister, behold, from every side they pour
 With eager speed, and gather to the shore.
 Hark! --- how with shouts they catch the springing gales,
 And crown their ships, and spread their flying sails.
 Ah! had I once foreseen the fatal blow,
 Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.
 Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make
 For thy despairing, dying sister's sake.
 For ah! the dear perfidious wretch, I see,
 Lays open all his secret soul to thee.
 In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,
 You know the nearest passage to his heart;

Go then, dear sister, as a suppliant go,
 Tell in the humblest terms my haughty foe,
 I ne'er conspir'd at Aulis to destroy,
 With vengeful Greece, the hapless race of Troy;
 Nor sent one vessel to the phrygian coast,
 Nor rak'd abroad his father's sacred dust,
 From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,
 Why will he turn his unrelenting ears?
 Whither, ah whither will the tyrant fly?
 I beg but this one grace before I die,
 To wait for calmer seas and softer gales,
 To smooth the floods, and fill his opening sails.
 Tell my perfidious lover, I implore
 The name of wedlock he disclaims, no more:
 No more his purpos'd voyage I detain
 From beauteous Latium, and his destin'd reign.
 For some small interval of time I move,
 Some short, short season to subdue my love,
 Till reconcil'd to this unhappy state,
 I grow at last familiar with my fate;
 This favour if he grant, my death shall please:
 His cruel soul, and set us both at ease.

Thus pray'd the queen; the sister bears in vain
 The moving message, and returns again.
 He stands inflexible to pray'rs and tears,
 For Jove and Fate had stop'd the hero's ears.

As, o'er th' aerial Alps sublimely spread,
 Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;
 This way and that the furious tempests blow,
 To lay the monarch of the mountains low;
 Th' imperial plant, tho' nodding at the sound,
 Tho' all his scatter'd honours strow the ground,

Safe in his strength, and seated in the rock,
In naked majesty defies the shock:

High as the head shoots tow'ring to the skies,
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies. 650

Thus is the prince besieg'd by constant pray's ;
But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,
Still firm the dictates of his soul remain,
And tears are shed, and vows prefer'd in vain.

Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows ; 655

Now bent on fate, and harass'd with her woes,
She loaths the day, she sickens at the sky,
And longs, in bitterness of soul, to die.

To urge the scheme of death already laid,
Full many a direful omen she survey'd : 660

While to the gods she pour'd the wine, she view'd
The pure libation turn'd to sable blood.

This horrid omen to herself reveal'd,
Ev'n from her sister's ear she kept conceal'd ;

Yet more----a temple, where she paid her vows, 665

Rose in the palace to her former spouse ;

A marble structure ; this she dress'd around
With snowy wool ; with sacred chaplets crown'd.

From hence, when gloomy night succeeds the day,
Her husband seems to summon her away. 670

Perch'd on the roof the bird of night complains,
In one sad length of melancholy strains ;

Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold
By prescient sages, and the seers of old ;

Now stern Æneas, her eternal theme, 675

Haunts her distracted soul in ev'ry dream ;

In slumber now she seems to travel on,
Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone ;

And

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And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,
And seeks her Tyrians o'er the waste in vain. 680

So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,
He saw the furies from the deeps arise ;
And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,
And two bright suns with rival glories blaze.

So bounds the mad Orestes o'er the stage, 685
With looks distracted, from his mother's rage ;

Arm'd with her scourge of snakes she drives him on,
And, wrapt in flames, pursues her murdering son ;
He flies, but flies in vain ;----the furies wait,
And fiends, in forms tremendous, guard the gate. 690

At length distracted, and by love o'ercome,
Resolv'd on death, she meditates her doom ;
Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,
And takes due measures for the purpos'd blow.
Then her sad sister she with smiles address'd, 695
Hope in her looks, but anguish at her breast :

Anna, partake my joy, for lo ! I find
The sole expedient that can cure my mind,
Relieve my soul for ever from her pain,
Or bring my lover to my arms again. 700

Near Ocean's utmost bound, a region lies,
Where mighty Atlas props the starry skies ;
There, lives a priestess of Massylian strain,
The guardian of the rich hesperian fane ;
Who wopt the wakeful dragon once to feed 705
With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowsy seed,

That round the tree his shining volumes roll'd
To guard the sacred balls of blooming gold.
By magic charms the matron can remove,
Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love ; 710

Roll back the stars; stop rivers as they flow;
 And call grim spectres from the realms of woe.
 Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;
 Beneath her footsteps groans the trembling ball:
 But witness thou, and all ye gods on high,
 With what regret to magic rites I fly, 715
 Go then, erect with speed and secret care,
 Within the court, a pile in open air,
 Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and spread
 Above the heap our fatal bridal bed. 720
 The sacred dame commands me to destroy
 All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.

Thus with dissembling arts the princess spoke:
 A deadly paleness spreads o'er all her look.
 Nor could her wretched sister once divine 725
 These rites could cover such a dire design,
 Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows
 Should more afflict her than her murder'd spouse;
 But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,
 Within the court, beneath the naked sky. 730
 With wreaths the queen adorn'd the structure round;
 And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd.
 Next big with death, the sword and robe she spread,
 And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.

Amidst her altars, with dishevel'd hairs, 735
 Her horrid rites the priestess now prepares.
 Thund'ring she calls, in many a dreadful sound,
 On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound;
 On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,
 (The threefold Dian!) and a hundred gods. 740
 The place she sprinkled, where her altars stood,
 With streams dissembled from Avernus' flood,

And

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275

And black envenom'd herbs she brings, reap'd down
With brazen sickles, by the glimmering moon.
Then crops the potent knots of love with care,
That from the young estrange the parent mare.
Now with a sacred cake and lifted hands,
All bent on death, before her altar stands
The royal victim, the devoted fair;
Her robes were gather'd, and one foot was bare.
She calls on every star in solemn state,
Whose guilty beams shine conscious of her fate:
She calls to witness every god above,
To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.

745

750

'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day,
In soft repose the whole creation lay.
The murmurs of the groves and forges die,
The stars roll solemn throw the glowing sky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,
The flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry plains;
The furious savages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkness, share
In sleep, a soft forgetfulness of care;
All but the hapless queen;-----for love denies
Rest to her thoughts, and slumber to her eyes.
Her passions grow still fiercer, and by turns
With love she maddens, and with wrath she burns.
The struggling tides in different motions roll,
And thus she vents the tempest of her soul:

760

765

770

What shall I do?-----shall I in vain implore
The royal lovers I disdain'd before?
Or, slighted in my turn with haughty pride,
Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?

Shall

Shall I the Trojans base commands obey, 775
 Their slave, their suppliant, through the watry way?
 Yes----for my bounties, and my former aid
 By Troy already stand so well repaid!
 And yet suppose I were inclin'd to go;
 The haughty sailors would but mock my woe. 780
 Hast thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known
 The perjur'd sons of proud Laomedon?
 What!-----shall I follow through the roaring main,
 Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,
 Or drive 'em through the deeps with sword and fire, 785
 With all my armies, all the sons of Tyre?
 But can I draw to sea those tyrian bands
 I drew reluctant from their native lands?
 Die then as thou deserv'st; in death repose;
 The sword, the friendly sword, shall end thy woes. 790
 You first, dear sister, by my sorrows mov'd,
 Expos'd me rashly to the wretch I lov'd;
 Your prompt obedience, and officious care
 Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in despair.
 Oh! had I learn'd like savages to rove, 795
 And never known the woes of bridal love!
 I prov'd unfaithful to my former spouse,
 And now I reap the fruits of broken vows!

Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppress'd,
 The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breast. 800
 Meantime with all things ready for his flight,
 In thoughtless sleep the heroë pass the night.
 To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,
 His youthful figure, looks, and voice the same,
 And thus alarms the slumb'ring prince once more; 805
 What----canst thou sleep in this important hour?

Nor all thy dangers canst thou yet survey?
 Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the sea?
 Mad as thou art!--determin'd on her doom,
 She forms designs of mischiefs yet to come. 810
 Then fly her fury while thou yet canst fly,
 Before Aurora gilds the purple sky;
 Fly,-----or the floods shall soon be cover'd o'er
 With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the shore,
 And direful brands with long-projected rays, 815
 Shall set the land and ocean in a blaze.
 Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing;
 Rise, prince; a woman is a changeful thing.
 This said; at once he took his rapid flight,
 Dissolv'd in air, and mingled with the night. 820

The hero starts from sleep in wild surprize,
 Struck with the glorious vision from the skies,
 And rouses all the train: Awake, unbind,
 And stretch, my friends, the canvass to the wind;
 Seize, seize your oars; the god descends again, 825
 To bid me fly, and launch into the main.
 Whoe'er thou art, thou blest celestial guide,
 Thy course we follow through the foamy tide;
 With joy thy sacred orders we obey;
 And may thy friendly stars direct the way. 830
 Sudden, he drew his sword as thus he said,
 And cut the haulfers with the flaming blade;
 With the same ardor fir'd, the shouting train
 Fly, seize their oars, and rush into the main.
 At once the floods with ships were cover'd o'er, 835
 And not one Trojan left upon the shore;
 All stretching to the stroke, with vigour sweep
 The whitening surge, and plow the smoaking deep.

Now

Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora spread
 Her orient beam, and left her golden bed. 840
 Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld
 The navy move along the watry field,
 In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'rs;
 And saw th' abandon'd port, and empty shore;
 Thrice her fierce hands in madness of despair 845
 Beat her white breast, and tore her golden hair.
 Then shall the traitor fly, ye gods! (she said)
 And leave my kingdom, and insulted bed?
 And shall not Carthage pour in arms away?
 Run there, and launch my navies on the sea: 850
 Fly, fly with all your sails, ye sons of Tyre;
 Hurl flames on flames; involve his fleet in fire.
 What have I said? ---- ah! impotent and vain!
 I rave, I rave ---- what madness turns my brain?
 Now can you, Dido, 'at so late a time, 855
 Reflect with horror on your former crime?
 Well had this rage been shown, when first you led
 The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.
 This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore
 His gods and relics from the phrygian shore! 860
 And safe convey'd his venerable fire
 On his own shoulders through the trojan fire!
 Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
 Base wretch! to every monster of the sea?
 Stab all his friends, his darling son destroy, 865
 And to his table serve the murder'd boy?
 For, bent on death, and valiant from despair,
 Say ---- could I dread the doubtful chance of war?
 No ---- but my flames had redden'd all the seas;
 Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze; 870
 Destroy'd

Destroy'd the race, the father and the son,
 And crown'd the general ruin with my own.
 Thou, glorious sun! whose piercing eyes survey
 These worlds terrestrial in thy fiery way,
 And thou, o Juno! bend thy awful head,
 Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
 Hear thou, dire Hecate! from hell profound,
 Whose rites nocturnal through the streets resound,
 Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait
 To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate!
 If to the destin'd port the wretch must come,
 If such be Jove's unalterable doom:
 Still let him wander, toss'd from place to place,
 Far from his country, and his son's embrace,
 By barbarous nations harass'd with alarms;
 And take the field with unsuccessful arms;
 For foreign aid to distant regions fly,
 See all his friends a common carnage lie;
 And when he gains, his ruin to compleat,
 A peace more shameful than his past defeat;
 Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,
 But fall, by murderous hands untimely slain,
 And lie unburied on the naked plain!
 This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,
 With her last blood, and her last gasping breath!
 Oh! --- in the silent grave when Dido lies,
 Rise in thy rage, thou, great avenger, rise!
 Against curs'd Troy, go mighty son of Tyre,
 Go, in the pomp of famine, sword, and fire!
 And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate,
 In future times, pursue the dardan state.
 No peace, no commerce with the race be made,
 Pay this last duty to your prince's shade;

Fight, when your pow'r supplies so just a rage ;
 Fight now, fight still, in every distant age ; 905
 By land, by sea, in arms the nation dare,
 And wage, from son to son, eternal war !

This said, she bends her various thoughts to close
 Her hated life, and finish all her woes.

Then to her husband's nurse she gave command, 910
 (Her own lay bury'd in her native land ;)

Go, Barce, go, and bid my sister bring
 The sable victims for the stygian king,
 But first be sprinkled from the limpid spring. }

Thus let her come ; and, while I pay my vows, 915

Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.

Fain would I kindle now the sacred pyre,

And see the trojan image sink in fire.

Thus I compleat the rites to stygian Jove,

And then farewell-----a long farewell to love ! 920

She said ; the matron, studious to obey,

With duteous speed runs trembling all the way.

Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,

And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes ;

Though pale and shivering at her purpos'd doom, 925

And every dreadful thought of death to come :

Yet many a crimson flush, with various grace,

Glow on her cheek, and kindles in her face.

Furious she mounts the pyre, and draws the sword,

The fatal present of the dardan lord ; 930

For no such end bestow'd ;----the conscious bed,

And robes she view'd ; and tears in silence shed ;

Stood still, and paus'd a moment,----then she cast

Her body on the couch, and spoke her last :

Ye dear, dear relicks of the man I lov'd ! 935

While fate consented, and the gods approv'd,

Relieve my woes, this rage of love controul,
Take my last breath, and catch my parting soul.
My fatal course is finish'd, and I go
A ghost majestic to the realms below. 940

Well have I liv'd to see a glorious town
Rais'd by these hands, and bulwarks of my own;
Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's sword,
And on the wretch reveng'd my murder'd lord.

Happy! thrice happy! if the dardan band
Had never touch'd upon the libyan land. 945

Then pressing with her lips the trojan bed,
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (she said,)

Yet die I will,-----and thus, and thus, I go----
Thus-----fly with pleasure to the shades below. 950

This blaze may yon' proud Trojan from the sea,
This death, an omen of his own, survey.

Meantime, the sad attendants, as she spoke,
Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the stroke.

At once her snowy hands were purpled o'er, 955
And the bright faulchion smok'd with streaming gore.

Her sudden fate is blaz'd the city round;
The length'ning cries from street to street resound;

To female shrieks the regal dome replies,
And the shrill echoes ring amidst the skies; 960

As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,
Storm'd by the foe, had sunk in floods of fire;

And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
With all the glorious temples of the gods.

Her breathless sister runs with eager pace, 965
And beats her throbbing breast, and beauteous face.

Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
And on her dying dear Eliza cries,

Was

Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way
 You took, your easy sister to betray?
 Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
 The fatal altar, and the funeral fire? 970
 Where shall my plaints begin? --- ah! wretch undone!
 Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!
 Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath,
 And share thy sweet society in death? 975
 Me, me you should have call'd, your fate to share
 From the same weapon, and the same despair.
 And did these hands the lofty pile compose?
 Did I invoke our gods with solemn vows? 980
 Only---ah cruel! to be sent away
 From the sad scene of death I now survey?
 You by this fatal stroke; and I, and all,
 Your senate, people, and your Carthage fall,
 Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death 985
 Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath,
 Then up the steep ascent she flew, and prest
 Her dying sister to her heaving breast;
 With cries succeeding cries her robes unbound,
 To staunch the blood that issu'd from the wound. 990
 Her bosom groaning with convulsive pain,
 She strives to raise her heavy lids in vain,
 And in a moment sinks, and swoons again,
 Prop'd on her elbow, thrice she rear'd her head,
 And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed; 995
 Sought with her swimming eyes the golden light,
 And saw the sun, but sicken'd at the sight.
 Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,
 Beheld her dreadful anguish from the sky;
 And bade fair Iris, from the starry pole,
 Fly, and enlarge her agonizing soul:

For as she dy'd by love before the time,
Nor fell by fate, nor perish'd for a crime,
Not yet had Proserpine, with early care,
Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair ;

1005

The solemn offering to the pow'rs below,
To free the spirit, and relieve her woe.
Swift from the glancing sun the goddess drew
A thousand mingling colours, as she flew :

Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair ;
And lo ! this consecrated lock I bear

1010

To stygian Jove : and now, as heav'n ordains,
Release thy soul from these corporeal chains.

The goddess stretch'd her hand, as thus she said,

And clipt the sacred honours of her head :

The vital spirit flies, no more confin'd,

Dissolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

The End of the Fourth Book.



VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas setting sail from Africk, is driven by a storm on the coasts of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of trojan parentage. He celebrates the memory of his father with divine honours, institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a sudden shower extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage; and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

NOW with a prosp'rous breeze Æneas held
 His destin'd course, and plow'd the watry field;
 Unhappy Dido's funeral flames surveys,
 That gild the spires, and round the bulwarks blaze;
 But soon the hidden cause the prince divin'd
 From the known transports of a female mind;
 With such a whirl their fiery passions move,
 In the mad rage of disappointed love!

5

Now

Now o'er the deep the rapid gallies fly,
 And the vast round was only wave and sky. 10
 A cloud all charg'd with livid darkness spreads,
 Black'ning the floods, and gathering o'er their heads.
 Aloud the careful Palinurus cries:
 Lo! what a dreadful storm involves the skies!
 Oh! Neptune, mighty father of the main! 25
 What tempests threaten from thy watry reign?
 Then he commands to furl the sails, and sweep
 With every bending oar the foamy deep.
 Himself, to break the blast, his sails inclin'd,
 And fled obliquely with the driving wind. 30
 Oh! mighty prince, the trembling master cry'd,
 Scarce could I hope, in such a tossing tide,
 To reach Hesperia and surmount the flood,
 Tho' Jove had past the promise of a god.
 See! from the west what thwarting winds arise! 35
 How in one cloud are gather'd half the skies!
 In vain our course we labour to maintain,
 And, struggling, work against the storm in vain.
 Let us, since Fortune mocks our toil, obey,
 And speed our voyage where she points the way. 40
 For not far distant lies the realm, that bore
 Your brother Eryx, the sicilian shore,
 If right I judge, whose eyes with constant care
 Have watch'd the heav'ns, retracing every star.
 I see, reply'd the prince, thy fruitless pain, 35
 That long has struggled with the winds in vain.
 Then change thy course, the whirling gusts obey,
 And steer with open sails a different way.
 Oh! to what dearer land can I retreat?
 There I may rig again my shatter'd fleet: 40
 That

That land my father's sacred dust contains,
 And there my trojan friend, Aëstes reigns.
 This said, they steer their course; the western gales
 With friendly breezes stretch their bellying sails;
 Smooth o'er the tides the flying navy past,
 And reach'd with joy the well-known shore at last.
 The king with wonder from a mountain's brow
 Beheld the fleet approach the coast below;
 Then, with a javelin in his hand, descends,
 Clad in a lion's spoils, to meet his friends.
 This monarch sprung from great Crimifus' blood;
 His trojan mother mingling with the god.
 With due regard he hails the kindred train,
 Arriv'd from Carthage at his realms again;
 With feasts their fainting spirits he restor'd;
 And rural viands crown'd the generous board.
 Now the diminish'd stars had fled away
 Before the glories of the dawning day.
 His friends, Æneas summon'd from the coast;
 Then from a rising point bespoke the host:
 Ye far-fam'd sons of Troy, a race divine,
 Whose fathers sprung from Jove's immortal line,
 Now the full circle of the year runs round,
 Since we dispos'd my fire in foreign ground,
 Rais'd verdant altars to the mighty shade,
 And paid all funeral honours to the dead:
 And now the fatal day is just return'd,
 By me (so heav'n ordains) with rites adorn'd,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd!
 Tho' banish'd to the burning libyan sand,
 Tho' led a captive to the argive land,
 Tho' lost and shipwreck'd on the grecian sea,
 Still would I solemnize this sacred day.

Sure all the friendly powers our course inspire,
 To the dear relics of my reverend fire: 75
 Haste then, the new-adopted god adore,
 And from his grace a prosp'rous gale implore;
 Implore a city, where we still may pay,
 In his own fane, the honours of the day.
 On every ship, two oxen are bestow'd 80
 By great Aestes, of our dardan blood;
 Call to the feast your native phrygian powers,
 With those the hospitable king adores.
 Soon as the ninth fair morning's opening light
 Shall glad the world, and chase the shades of night, 85
 Then to my Trojans I propose, to grace
 These sacred rites, the rapid naval race;
 Then all, who glory in their matchless force,
 Or vaunt their fiery swiftnefs in the course,
 Or dart the spear, or bend the twanging bow, 90
 Or to the dreadful gauntlet dare the foe,
 Attend; and each by merit bear away
 The noble palms, and glories of the day.
 Now grace your heads with verdant wreaths, he said;
 Then with his mother's myrtle binds his head. 95
 Like him, Aestes and the royal boy
 Adorn their brows, with all the youth of Troy.
 Now to the tomb, furrounded with a throng,
 A mighty train, the heroe past along.
 Two bowls of milk, and hallow'd blood he pours; 100
 Two of pure wine; and scatters purple flow'rs.
 Then thus---Hail sacred fire, all hail again,
 Once more restor'd, but ah! restor'd in vain!
 'Twas more than envious fate would give, to see
 The destin'd realms of Italy with thee; 105

Or mighty Tyber's rolling streams explore,
 The sacred flood, that bathes th' æolian shore,
 Scarce had he said, when, beauteous to behold!
 From the deep tomb, with many a shining fold,
 An azure serpent rose, in scales that flam'd with gold: 110
 Like heav'n's bright bow his varying beauties shone,
 That draws a thousand colours from the sun:
 Pleas'd round the altars and the tomb to wind,
 His glittering length of volumes trails behind.
 The chief in deep amaze suspended hung, 115
 While through the bowls the serpent glides along;
 Tastes all the food, then softly slides away,
 Seeks the dark tomb, and quits the sacred prey.
 Astonish'd at the sight, the heroë paid
 New rites, new honours to his father's shade; 120
 Doubts if the dæmon of his fire rever'd,
 Or the kind genius of the place appear'd.
 Five fable steers he slew with rites divine,
 As many snowy sheep, and bristly swine
 And pouring wine, invok'd his father's shade 125
 Sent from the darksome regions of the dead.
 Then all the train, who gather'd round the grave,
 Each for his rank, proportion'd treasures gave,
 The altars blaze; the victims round expire;
 Some hang the massy cauldrons o'er the fire; 130
 Some o'er the grass, the glowing embers spread;
 Some broil the entrails on the burning bed.

Now bright the ninth expected morning shone;
 Now rose the fiery couriers of the sun;
 When endless crowds the vast assembly crown'd 135
 From all the wide dispeopled country round.

Some

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139

Some rous'd by great Acestes' mighty name,
Some to behold the trojan strangers came,
Some to contend, and try the noble game.

}

In view, amid the spacious circle, lay
The costly gifts, the prizes of the day.

140

Arms on the ground, and sacred tripods glow,
With wreaths and palms to bind the victor's brow.

Silver, and purple vests in heaps are roll'd,
Rich robes, and talents of the purest gold:

145

And from a mount the spritely trump proclaims
To all the gather'd crowd the glorious games.

Four well-match'd gallies first, by oars impell'd,
Drawn from the navy, took the watry field.

In the swift Dolphin mighty Mnestheus came,
Mnestheus, the founder of the memmian name.

150

Next Gyas in the vast Chimæra sweeps
(Huge as a town) the hoarse-resounding deeps:

Three rows of oars employ the panting train,
To push th' enormous burthen o'er the main.

155

Sergestus in the Centaur took his place,
The glorious father of the sergian race.

In the blue Scylla great Cloanthus rode,
The noble source of our cluentian blood.

Far in the main a rock advances o'er

160

The level tides, and fronts the foamy shore,
That hid beneath the rolling ocean lies,

When the black storms involve the starry skies,
But in a calm its lofty head displays

To rest the birds who wing the spacious seas.

165

Here the great hero fixt an oaken bough,

A mark, that nodded o'er the craggy brow;

To teach the train to steer the backward way,

And fetch a shorter circle round the sea:

Then, rank'd by lot, conspicuous o'er the flood, 170
 The chiefs array'd in gold and purple glow'd.
 The youths green poplars round their temples twine,
 And bright with oil their naked bodies shine, }
 Eager, they grasp their oars, and list'ning wait the sign. }
 Thick in their hearts alternate motions play, }
 Now prest with beating fears they sink away, }
 Now throb with rising hopes to win the glorious day. }
 Soon as the trump the first shrill signal blew,
 All, in a moment, from the barrier flew:
 Lash'd by their whirling oars the surges rise, 180
 And with their shouts the sailors rend the skies,
 The foamy tides with equal furrows sweep;
 And, opening to the keel, divides the hoary deep.
 Not half so swift the fiery coursers pour,
 And, as they start, the distant plain devour; 185
 Nor half so fierce the drivers, pois'd in air,
 Urge the fleet steeds to whirl the flying car,
 Throw up the reins, and, bending o'er the yoke,
 Shout, lash, and send their souls at every stroke.
 The crowds in parties join; and, to the cries 190
 And eager shouts, the hollow wood replies;
 While hills to hills repeat the mingled roar,
 And the long echo rolls around the winding shore.
 With peals of loud applause from every side
 First Gyas flew, and shot along the tide. 195
 Cloanthus follows, but his pond'rous ship,
 Tho' better mann'd, moves heavier on the deep.
 Behind, the Dolphin and the Centaur lay,
 At equal distance, on the watry way:
 Now darts the rapid Dolphin o'er the main, 200
 Now the vast Centaur wins the day again:

Then,

Then, side by side, and front by front, they join,
 And plow in frothy tracks the ruffled brine.
 And now proud Gyas reach'd th' appointed place,
 A while the victor of the watry race ; 205
 Then to Menætes call'd, and gave command,
 To leave the right, and steer against the land ;
 Let others plow the deep :-----In vain he spoke ;
 The cautious pilot dreads the lurking rock,
 And turns his prow, and steers a different road, 210
 And leaves the shallows for the open flood.
 Once more in vain the raging Gyas cry'd,
 And lo ! that moment, brave Cloanthus spy'd
 Close at his back, who plow'd the nearer tide. }
 The dangerous way the daring heroë took 215
 Between bold Gyas and the sounding rock,
 Sudden beyond the chief he shoots away,
 Clear of the goal, and gains the roomy sea.
 Then Gyas wept ; and grief and rage inflame
 The youth, forgetful of his friends and fame. 220
 From the high stern, with anger and disdain,
 He hurl'd the hoary master in the main ;
 Then madly took himself the sole command,
 And fir'd his train, and bore upon the land.
 Hoary with age, and struggling long in vain, 225
 With cumb'rous vests, Menætes mounts again ;
 Trembling he climb'd a lofty rock ; and dry'd
 His limbs, all drench'd and reeking with the tide.
 Loud laugh'd the crowds to see him shoot away,
 Drink and disgorge by turns the briny sea. 230
 At distance Mnestheus and Sergeſtus lye ;
 Both hope to paſs the fiery Gyas by.
 The vantage firſt the bold Sergeſtus took,
 With rapid ſpeed advancing to the rock ;

But not a length before : the Dolphin rides 235

With rival speed, and bears upon her sides.

Brave Mnestheus now inflames his naval crew,

As o'er the deck from man to man he flew.

My brave associates, in whose aid I trust,

You, whom I chose, when Ilion sunk in dust, 240

Now show the strength and spirit once you shew'd,

When raging storms and Syrtes you withstood,

Plow'd Malea's tide, and stem'd th' ionian flood :

Now, now, my friends, your utmost pow'r display,

Rise to your oars, and sweep the watry way : 245

Nor strive we now the victory to gain,

Tho' yet----but ah ! let those the palm obtain,

Those, whom thy favours crown, great monarch of the

But to return the lags of all the day ! [main!

Oh ! wipe, my friends, that shameful stain away ! 250

Fir'd at the word, each other they provoke ;

Springs the swift ship at every vigorous stroke.

With painful sweat their heaving bodies stream ;

Thick pant their hearts, and trembles every limb.

All bending to their oars the labour ply ; 255

The sea rolls backward and the surges fly.

Now, with the wish'd success they toil to gain,

Indulgent fortune crowns the lab'ring train ;

For while the fierce Sergestus nearer drew,

And in a scanty space too rashly flew, 260

(His road still narrower) with a mighty shock

He rush'd against the sharp projected rock.

Then flew the shatter'd oars, and flying rung,

And on the rugged sides the vessel hung.

To gain their floating oars, with mingled cries, 265

All arm'd with iron poles, the sailors rise,

Fir'd

Fir'd with success, along the open seas
 Proud Mæstheus shoots, invoking every breeze.
 As in her nest, within some cavern hung,
 The dove sits trembling o'er her callow young,
 Till rous'd at last by some impetuous shock,
 She starts surpriz'd, and beats around the rock;
 Then to the open field for refuge flies,
 And the free bird expatiates in the skies;
 Her pinions pois'd, thro' liquid air she springs,
 And smoothly glides, nor moves her levell'd wings:
 So, joyful Mæstheus darts without controul
 O'er the wide ocean, and approach'd the goal;
 So the swift Dolphin flies in open view,
 And gain'd new strength, new swiftness as she flew.
 First by Sergestus' ship he shoots along,
 That in the shelves and dang'rous shallows hung;
 With cries the chief his rival's aid implores,
 And strives in vain to row with shatter'd oars.
 Next fiery Gyas he with shouts pursu'd,
 Who in the huge Chimæra stem'd the flood;
 She yields, depriv'd of her experienc'd guide;
 And sees her rival fly triumphant o'er the tide.
 Now, near the port, with all his pow'r he strains
 To pass Cloanthus, who the last remains.
 The doubling shouts inspire him as he flies,
 And the long peal runs rattling round the skies:
 These, flush'd with pride, would cast their lives away,
 Ere they resign the glories of the day:
 Those, by success, in strength and spirit rise,
 And their fierce hopes already win the prize.
 Thus haply both with level beaks had ply'd
 The surge, and rode the victors of the tide;

But brave Cloanthus o'er the rolling floods
 Stretch'd wide his hands, and thus invok'd the gods: 300
 Ye pow'rs! on whose wild empire I display
 My flying sails, and plow the watry way;
 Oh! hear your suppliant, and my vow succeed;
 Then on these shores a milk-white bull shall bleed;
 And purple wine your silver waves shall stain, 305
 And sacred victims glut the greedy main.
 Thus he----and every Nereid heard the vow,
 With mighty Phorcus from the deeps below,
 And great Portunus, with his ample hand,
 Push'd on the rapid galley to the land. 310
 Swift as the hissing javelin cuts the skies,
 Swift as a whirlwind, to the port she flies.

And now the herald's voice proclaims aloud
 Cloanthus victor, to the shouting crowd.
 The mighty prince himself, with verdant boughs 315
 Of vivid laurel, binds the hero's brows.
 Three steers, and one large talent are bestow'd
 On every rival crew, that plow'd the flood,
 But to the glorious leaders, bold and brave,
 The generous chief distinguish'd honours gave. 320
 A robe the victor shar'd, where purple plays,
 Mixt with rich gold, in every shining maze.
 There royal Ganymede, inwrought with art,
 O'er hills and forests hunts the bounding hart;
 The beauteous youth, all wond'rous to behold, 325
 Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold.
 From tow'ring Ida shoots the bird of Jove,
 And bears him struggling thro' the clouds above:
 With out-stretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry,
 And the loud hounds spring furious at the sky. 330

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145

On Mnestheus next, the chief who bore away
 The second glorious honours of the day,
 A shining mail the generous prince bestows,
 That, rich with clasps of gold, refulgent glows,
 Who stript Demoleus of the costly load 335
 In trojan fields, by Simois' mighty flood :
 Two labouring servants, with united toil
 And strength conjoin'd, scarce heav'd th' enormous spoil :
 Yet in these arms of old, with matchless might,
 The swift Demoleus chas'd his foes in fight. 340
 This mail, Æneas gave the chief to bear,
 A sure defence and ornament in war.
 The next rich presents mighty Gyas grace,
 Two ponderous cauldrons of refulgent brass ;
 Two silver goblets, wrought with art divine, 345
 That rough, and bright with sculptur'd figures shine.
 Proud of their gifts the lofty leaders tread,
 And purple fillets glitter on their head.
 When, from the rock scarce disengag'd with pain,
 Sergestus brings his shatter'd ship again. 350
 One side all maim'd, she slowly moves along,
 Spoil'd of her oars, amid the hooting throng :
 As when a ling'ring fate the serpent feels,
 Obliquely crush'd beneath the brazen wheels,
 Or, bruis'd and mangled by the cruel swain 355
 With some huge stone, writhes with the shooting pain,
 And rolls and twists her scaly folds in vain ;
 Above, all fierce her glittering volumes rise,
 Flames in her crest, and light'ning in her eyes ;
 But maim'd below, and tardy with the wound, 360
 Her train unfolded drags along the ground :

So maim'd and slow the shatter'd gally past,
 But aided by her sails she reach'd the port at last.
 Pleas'd with the vessel and the crew restor'd,
 The generous prince rewards their hapless lord. 365
 The promis'd present to the chief he gave;
 Pholoe, the beauteous female cretan slave,
 In works of art superior to the rest,
 And proud of two fair infants at the breast.

This contest o'er; with thousands in his train, 370
 Mov'd the great hero to a spacious plain.
 High hills the verdant theatre surround;
 And waving woods the mighty circuit crown'd.
 Hither, with all the crowds the prince withdrew,
 And took his sylvan throne in open view. 375

Here costly gifts the chief propos'd, to grace
 The spritely youths that urge the rapid race;
 Now throng the trojan and sicilian band;
 And first Euryalus and Nisus stand;
 That, for his youthful charms admir'd by Troy;
 This, for chaste friendship to the beauteous boy. 380
 Next to the contest, warm with hopes of fame,
 Of Priam's royal race, Dioreas came.

Salus and Patron then in order past;
 Epirus one, and one Arcadia grac'd. 385

Brave Helymus and Panopes succeed;
 Two valiant youths in fair Trinacria bred;
 Who with Acestes drove the savage race
 From wood to wood, long practis'd to the chase.
 And mighty numbers more, unknown to fame, 390
 Advance in crowds to share the glorious game.
 High in the midst, Æneas rear'd his head,
 And oh! attend, ye generous youths, (he said;)

OF

Of all who try the fortune of the day,
Not one shall go without a gift away. 395

With two bright cretan lances, each shall share
An ax with silver grav'd, to shine in war.
Distinguish'd gifts and olive wreaths shall grace
The three triumphant victors of the race.

On the first youth a courser I bestow, 400

Whose trappings rich with gold and purple glow:

The next a quiver charg'd with shafts shall claim,

Such as adorns an amazonian dame;

Clasp'd by a gemm, refulgent to behold,

Shines the bright trophy with a belt of gold. 405

On the proud youth this gift shall be confer'd:

And this fair argive helm shall grace the third.

This said, they took their place; the trumpet blew;

And all impetuous from the barrier flew:

Fierce as a tempest o'er the plain they past 410

From the first space, and gain upon the last.

First Nisus sprung, and left the crowd behind,

Swift as the light'ning, or the wings of wind.

Next, but the next with many a length between,

Young Salius skim'd along the level green, 415

Euryalus, the third, scarce touch'd the plain;

Behind, bold Helymus his rival ran;

But, hovering o'er him, runs Dioreas nigh;

Now side by side, and foot by foot they fly.

The youth had conquer'd in a longer way, 420

Or undecided left the honours of the day.

And now they just approach'd with rapid pace,

Tir'd with the toil, the limit of the race,

When Nisus fell amid the slippery plain,

Drench'd with the copious blood of victims slain. 425

His feet no more the shouting victor held ;
 Aloft they fly, and quiver on the field.
 Headlong he fell, with mud all cover'd o'er,
 And every limb was stain'd with sacred gore.
 Yet, as he welter'd on the ground, he strove
 To show Euryalus his ardent love.
 For now, ev'n now, the youth his body threw
 I afore his rival Salius, as he flew
 He fell, and on the ground extended lay;
 Thus, favour'd by his friend, sprung swift away
 The young Euryalus, and won the day.
 At once beyond the goal the victor flies;
 Shouts of applause tumultuous rend the skies.
 Next Helymus, and next Diopres came
 With eager ardor, now the third in fame.
 Now Salius fills the ring with clam'rous cries,
 By turns to every hoary judge applies,
 Storms at the fraud, and claims the rightful prize.
 But favour, winning tears, and youthful grace
 Plead for the boy, the victor of the race.
 Diore too, before the partial crowd,
 Defends the young Euryalus aloud;
 Who now must urge his claim, should Salius gain
 The first proud honours, to the third in vain.

Thus then the prince----In order shall we pay
 To each brave youth the prizes of the day:
 Since these are shar'd, permit me to extend
 One proof of pity to a hapless friend:
 This said, on Salius generous, he bestow'd
 A lion's yellow spoils, (a costly load!)
 With martial pride his shoulders to infold;
 Rough was the dreadful mane, the paws were sheath'd in gold.

When Nisus thus :---- If such high presents grace
 Salius who fell, first vanquish'd in the race ;
 What gift shall I receive, who bore away, 460
 And still had held the honours of the day,
 Had not the fortune that my foe o'erthrew,
 Befell unhappy Nisus as he flew.
 Then show'd his robes and face with blood defil'd ;
 Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd ; 465
 And caus'd a mighty buckler to be brought,
 With art divine by Didymaon wrought ;
 Great Neptune's gates the prize adorn'd in Troy,
 Now the bright present loads the favour'd boy.

These gifts bestow'd ; the hero cries aloud, 470
 Stand forth, ye valiant champions, from the crowd ;
 Who vaunt your courage and unrivall'd might,
 And with the gauntlet dare provoke the fight.
 Then he propos'd, in gold and garments gay,
 A bull, to grace the victor of the day. 475
 Next, to relieve the loser's shame and pain,
 Cast a rich sword and helmet on the plain.
 Strait with a shout, supremely tall and strong,
 Bold Dares rear'd his bulk above the throng ;
 The youth, the only youth, who dar'd withstand 480
 The fierce tempestuous sway of Paris' hand,
 Who on huge Butes prov'd his matchless might
 At Hector's tomb, victorious in the fight ;
 (Butes, of Amycus' bebrycian strain ;)
 And stretch'd th' enormous giant on the plain. 485
 Thus, glorying in his strength, in open view
 His arms around, the tow'ring Dares threw,
 Stalk'd high, and laid his brawny shoulders bare,
 And dealt his whistling blows in empty air.

His

His match was fought ; thro' all a terror ran ; 490
All gaz'd and trembled at the mighty man.

Despair, he thought, had seiz'd the circling bands ;
And now before the prince the champion stands ;
Fierce by the horns the beauteous bull he took,
And in proud triumph to the hero spoke : 495

Since none, oh chief ! accept the proffer'd fray,
Why for his coward foe must Dares stay ? }
Permit me, prince, to lead my rightful prize away.

The Trojans clamour with applauding cries,
And for the youth demand the promis'd prize. 500

Then to Entellus old Acestes said,
Who sat beside him on the flow'ry bed ;

Entellus ! ---- once the bravest on the plain ;
But ah ! the bravest, and the best in vain !

With such tame patience can my friend survey 505
This prize, without a contest, borne away ?

Where, where is now great Eryx' vaunted name ;
The god, who taught our thund'ring arms the game, }
The spoils that grace thy roof, and all thy former fame ?

Nor am I dead, replies the chief, to praise, 510
Nor yield to fear, but sink by length of days.

My nerves unstrung, my strength no more remains,
And age creeps shiv'ring through my icy veins.

Had I that vigor still, my youth could boast,
Or yon' vain champion vaunts to all the host, 515

Soon should this arm that insolence chastise,
For fame alone without the proffer'd prize.

Ev'n now I scorn the combat to decline ;
The prize I heed not ; let the fame be mine !

This said ; amid the ring, in open view, 520
Two mighty gauntlets on the ground he threw :

These

These grac'd great Eryx in the fight of old,
 And brac'd his arms with many a dreadful fold :
 Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge dispread,
 Pond'rous with iron and a weight of lead. 525
 The host stood all astonish'd at the fight,
 But Dares most, who now refus'd the fight :
 The hero turns the folds, in wonder stands,
 And pois'd th' enormous gauntlets in his hands.
 How had you wonder'd, the bold champion said, 530
 Had you the huge herculean arms survey'd ?
 Had you those pond'rous gloves of death beheld,
 And the stern combat on this fatal field ?
 These, prince, of old your brother Eryx wore,
 Lo ! you behold 'em still distain'd with gore. 535
 With these Alcides' force he long sustain'd,
 And these I brandish'd, while my strength remain'd,
 Ere the cold hand of envious age had shed
 These marks of winter on my hoary head.
 Yet, if your champion trembles at the fight, 540
 Nor dares to meet these gauntlets in the fight ;
 If so Æneas and the king incline ;
 Lo ! to his fears these weapons I resign :
 With equal arms the combat we will try ;
 And thou, lay thou thy trojan gauntlets by. 545
 This said, the hero strait his robe unbound,
 And cast the double garment on the ground ;
 Bares his huge brawny limbs, and on the sands,
 Dreadful to view, the hoary champion stands.
 Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound 550
 Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms around :
 Their arms, that moment, each impetuous foe
 Rear'd high in air, and rose to every blow ;

And,

And, while their raging hands the fight provoke,
 Withdraw their heads from each tempestuous stroke. 555
 This on his youth and active speed relies,
 That on his bulk and tall gigantic size :
 But each vast limb moves stiff and slow with age ;
 And thick short pantings shake the lab'ring sage.
 Each, but in vain, a thousand strokes bestows ; 560
 Their sides and breasts re-echo to the blows.
 With swift-repeated wounds their hands fly round
 Their heads and cheeks ; their crackling jaws resound :
 Unmov'd Entellus, with a stedfast look
 And watchful eye, avoids the furious stroke : 565
 The youth invests his foe with all his pow'r,
 As some brave leader a beleaguer'd tow'r,
 When on the bulwarks in his rage he falls,
 And plants his engines round th'embattled walls ;
 On every side, with fruitless skill and pain, 570
 Eager he tries a pass or post to gain,
 And storms the rocky battlements in vain. }
 And now his aim the bold Entellus took,
 With his huge hand, high-brandish'd for the stroke :
 The youth observ'd the long-descending blow, 575
 And leaps aside, and disappoints the foe.
 The stroke was spent in air ; with dreadful sound
 Prone fell the champion thund'ring to the ground.
 A pine thus tumbles to the vales below
 From Ida's top, or Erymanthus' brow. 580
 At once the Trojans and Sicilians rise,
 And with divided clamours rend the skies.
 And first Acestes, touch'd with pity, ran
 To raise his friend and old compeer again.

Swift

Swift from the fall, and with redoubled might
Sprung the fierce hero, and renew'd the fight ;
Improv'd in spirit, to the combat came,
While conscious valour sets his soul on flame;
Stung with disgrace, and more enrag'd with shame.

Now headlong o'er the field he drove the foe,
And rose in strength and wrath at every blow.

Now a thick storm of strokes around him flies,
Thick as the hail comes rattling from the skies ;
With both his thund'ring hands the blows he ply'd,
And turn'd his giddy foe on every side.

Then flew the good Æneas, to assuage
The hero's wrath, and check the mighty rage :
From death he snatch'd the champion, and began
To sooth the sorrows of the vanquish'd man :

What madness, hapless Dares, has possess'd
Thy thoughtless mind, and fir'd thy daring breast ?
Canst thou not see thy rival's pow'r divine,
Far other strength, and mightier hands than thine ?
Cease then, and give the vain contention o'er ;
Cease, and oppose a demigod no more !

The youth now drags his trembling legs along ;
His loose head tott'ring, o'er his shoulders hung ;
Giddy with pain, he now ejects the blood ;
His loosen'd teeth come mingled in the flood ;
While in their arms his sad associates bore
The batter'd champion groaning to the shore,
The dear-bought sword and helmet brought away,
And left the palm and bull the victor's prey.

Now great Entellus, glorying in the prize
And flush'd with conquest, thus, exulting cries :

Behold,

Behold, ye Trojans, and thou, chief divine,
 What vigor, in the bloom of youth, was mine;
 From what a thund'ring arm and fatal blow,
 Your timely mercy has preserv'd my foe.
 With that the chief, collected in his might,
 Confronts the victim, the reward of fight.
 Then rais'd his hand aloft, and from above,
 With dreadful sway, the pond'rous gauntlet drove
 Through the broad forehead of the stately bull,
 And dash'd within the brain the batter'd skull.
 The bull, convulsive with the deadly wound,
 Groans, tumbles, rolls, and quivers on the ground.
 Then thus the conqu'ring chief performs his vow:
 Eryx, on thee this victim I bestow;
 A nobler victim than my trojan foe!
 To younger champions now the game I yield;
 Here I resign my arms; and here renounce the field.

Next the great prince propos'd the prize to those,
 Who wing'd the shafts, and bent the twanging bows.
 Amid the spacious plain the heroes plac'd
 Sublime in air Sergeestus' lofty mast:
 Around the tap'ring top a dove they tye,
 The trembling mark at which their arrows fly;
 Hither to try their skill the warriors haste,
 And in a brazen helm the lots are cast.
 First, with applause, Hippocoon's lot was thrown,
 The mighty Hyrtacus' illustrious son.
 Mnestheus the next, whom verdant olives grace,
 The second victor in the naval race.
 Then the third chance to great Eurytion came,
 Thy brother, Pandarus renown'd by fame,
 Whose

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Whose hand by Pallas prompted, drew the bow,
 To break the truce, against the grecian foe.
 Laid in the helm remain'd Acestes' name;
 Old as he was, he try'd the youthful game. 650
 Then every chief, with all his strength and art,
 Bent the tough bow, and chose the feather'd dart.
 Thro' yielding air first vanish'd with a spring
 Hippocoon's arrow from the sounding string.
 Full in the mast, impell'd with vigor, stood 655
 The forceful shaft, and quiver'd in the wood.
 The dove, affrighted, stretch'd her flutt'ring wing;
 And with applause the vales and mountains ring.
 Then Mnestheus drew the bow, and aim'd on high
 The pointed dart, and levell'd with his eye; 660
 Nor thro' the mark the luckless arrow drove,
 But cut the string that ty'd the trembling dove.
 Swift thro' the clouds the bird unshackled flies,
 And spreads her wings at freedom in the skies.
 Already had Eurytion bent his bow, 665
 And to his brother god address'd his vow:
 The tow'ring bird amid the clouds he flew,
 And the swift shaft transfix'd her as she flew.
 High in the skies she feels the deadly wound,
 And, with the dart, comes dying to the ground. 670
 And now, all hopes expir'd, the conquest gain'd,
 The venerable prince alone remain'd.
 Yet he discharg'd the flying shaft, to show
 His skill, his vigor, and resounding bow.
 When sudden they beheld, with wond'ring eyes, 675
 A dire portentous omen in the skies.
 Too late the fears the frightful sign explain,
 Too late they clear the dread event in vain!

For, flying thro' the clouds in open view,
The glowing arrow kindled as it flew ; 680

Then drew a golden trail of flames behind,
That mark'd its course, and vanish'd in the wind :

So shine the falling stars with dreadful hair,
And glance, and shoot along the fields of air.

Amaz'd the Trojans and Sicilians stood ; 685
And breath'd their ardent pray'rs to every god.

The dardan prince the doubtful sign mistook,
Embrac'd the monarch, and with transport spoke :

Father! accept the prize, the will divine
Of mighty Jove, by this auspicious sign, 690 }
Declares the first distinguish'd honours thine.

Accept this goblet, which my fire of old
Receiv'd from Cisseus, rough with sculptur'd gold ;

Take it, my royal friend, and let it prove
A long-priz'd gift of dear respect and love. 695

Then he bestow'd the laurel, and aloud
Proclaim'd him victor to the shouting crowd.

Nor did the generous chief the prize deny,
Whose arrow pierc'd the bird amid the sky ;

Next, he who cut the cord, with gifts was grac'd ; 700
And he, whose arrow struck the tree, the last.

Now call'd the prince, before the games were done,
The hoary guardian of his royal son,

And gently whispers in his faithful ear,
To bid Ascanius in his arms appear, 705

And with his youthful band and courser come,
To pay due honours at his grandfire's tomb.

Next he commands the huge assembled train
To quit the ground, and leave an open plain.

Strait

Strait on their bridled steeds, with grace divine,
 The beauteous youths before their fathers shine. 710
 The blooming Trojans and Sicilians throng,
 And gaze with wonder as they march'd along.
 Around their brows a vivid wreath they wore;
 Two glitt'ring lances tip'd with steel they bore : 715
 These a light quiver stor'd with shafts sustain,
 And from their neck depends a golden chain:
 On bounding steeds advance three graceful bands,
 And each a little blooming chief commands.
 Beneath each chief twelve spritely striplings came, 720
 In shining arms, in looks and age the same.
 Grac'd with his grandsire's name, Polites' son,
 Young Priam, leads the first gay squadron on;
 A youth, whose progeny must Latium grace :
 He press'd a dappled steed of thracian race : 725
 Before, white spots on either foot appear,
 And on his forehead blaz'd a silver star.
 Atys the next advanc'd, with looks divine,
 Atys, the source of the great attian line :
 Iulus' friendship grac'd the lovely boy : 730
 And last Iulus came, the pride of Troy,
 In charms superiour to the blooming train;
 And spurr'd his tyrian courser to the plain;
 Which Dido gave the princely youth, to prove
 A lasting pledge, memorial of her love. 735
 Th' inferior boys on beauteous coursers ride,
 From great Acestes' royal stalls supply'd.
 Now flush'd with hopes, now pale with anxious fear,
 Before the shouting crowds, the youths appear;
 The shouting crowds admire their charms, and trace 740
 Their parents lines in every lovely face.

Now

Now round the ring, before their fathers, ride
The boys, in all their military pride.
Till Periphantes' sounding lash from far
Gave the loud signal of the mimic war ; 745
Strait, in three bands distinct, they break away.
Divide in order, and their ranks display:
Swift at the summons they return, and throw
At once their hostile lances at the foe :
Then take a new excursion on the plain ;
Round within round, an endless course maintain ;
And now advance, and now retreat again ;
With well-dissembled rage their rivals dare,
And please the crowd with images of war.
Alternate now they turn their backs in flight ; 755
Now dart their lances, and renew the fight ;
Then in a moment from the combat cease,
Rejoin their scatter'd bands, and move in peace.
So winds delusive, in a thousand ways
Perplex and intricate, the cretan maze ; 760
Round within round the blind mæanders run,
Untrac'd and dark, and end where they begun.
The skilful youths, in sport, alternate ply
Their shifting course ; by turns they fight, and fly :
As dolphins gambol on the watry way, 765
And, bounding o'er the tides, in wanton circles play.
This sport Ascanius, when in mighty length
He rais'd proud Alba glorying in her strength,
Taught the first fathers of the latian name,
As now he solemniz'd the noble game. 770
From their successive alban offspring come
These antient plays, to grace imperial Rome ;
Who owns her trojan band, and game of Troy,
Deriv'd thro' ages from the princely boy.

Thus were the solemn funeral honours paid
To great Anchises' venerable shade. 775

But soon the prince his changing fortune found,
And in her turn the fickle goddess frown'd.

For, while the gather'd crowds the games repeat,
Heav'n's mighty empress, to the trojan fleet
(Her antient rage still glowing in her soul,)

Dispatch'd fair Iris from the starry pole.

Big with revengeful schemes; herself supplies
The rapid storm that bears her down the skies.

Unseen, the maid a thousand colours drew, 785

As down her bow, with winged speed, she flew;

And saw around the tomb th' assembly meet,

The vacant harbour, and neglected fleet.

Meantime, retir'd within the lonely shore,

Anchises' fate the trojan dames deplore; 790

Cast a long look o'er all the flood, and weep

To see the wide-extended watry deep:

Yet, must we yet, alas! new labours try,

More seas, more oceans? was the general cry.

Oh! grant a town at last, ye gracious gods! 795

To wretches harrafs'd with the winds and floods.

'Twas then, their raging sorrow to improve,

Amid the train shot Iris from above.

Aside, her heav'nly charms the goddess threw,

And like old Beroë stood in open view; 800

(Doryclus' hoary spouse, a noble dame

Fam'd for her offspring and illustrious name;)

And thus the goddess fans the rising flame: }

Ah! wretched race, whom heav'n forbade to fall

By grecian swords, beneath our native wall! 805

Toft round the seas, o'er every region cast,

Oh! to what fate are we reserv'd at last!

Now, since imperial Troy in ashes lay,
 Have sev'n successive summers roll'd away.
 Still to new lands o'er floods and rocks we fly, 810
 And sail, by every star, in every sky.
 So long we chase, o'er all the boundless main,
 And flying coasts of Italy in vain.
 Here o'er our kindred Bryx' fruitful plains,
 The hospitable king, Acestes reigns: 815
 What, what forbids our wand'ring trojan bands,
 To raise a city in these friendly lands?
 Ye gods, preserv'd from hostile flames in vain!
 Shall our dear Ilion never rise again?
 A second Simois shall we view no more, 820
 Or a new Xanthus, on a foreign shore?
 Rise then, rise all; assist, ye mournful dames,
 To set this execrable fleet in flames.
 For late, Cassandra seem'd to load my hands,
 In visions of the night, with blazing brands: 825
 Seek Troy no more, she said: this destin'd place
 Is the fixt mansion of the dardan race.
 Fly, fly we then, the omen to compleat;
 The glad occasion calls to fire the fleet;
 Lo! where to Neptune four proud altars rise! 830
 Lo! his own fires the ready god supplies!
 She said; then seiz'd a blazing brand, and threw;
 Th' increasing flames amid the navy flew.
 At the bold deed, with deep surprize amaz'd,
 The dames all wond'ring on the goddess gaz'd. 835
 At last, the nurse of Priam's offspring broke
 The general silence, and the train bespoke:
 This was no Beroë whom we saw appear,
 But some bright goddess from th' æthereal sphere.

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Mark her majestic port! her voice divine! 840
O'er all her form what starry splendors shine!
She darts a glance immortal from her eyes,
Breathes, looks and moves, a sister of the skies!
Beroë I left in anguish, who repin'd,
Shut from the rites, and to her couch confin'd. 845

The matrons now, by doubts and fears impell'd,
First with malignant eyes the fleet beheld;
In choice suspended for a space they stand,
Between the promis'd and the present land:
When, smooth on levell'd wings, the goddess flies, 850
And cuts a mighty bow along the skies.
Struck at the wond'rous sight, the shrieking dames,
From the bright altars snatch the sacred flames;
Bring leaves and wither'd branches in their hands
To feed the fires; and hurl the blazing brands. 855
Fierce thro' the ships, the decks, the crackling oars,
In all his rage devouring Vulcan roars:
And now Eumelus to the host conveys
The dreadful tidings of the rising blaze.
The crowds grow pale; they look behind, and spy 860
A cloud of cinders dark'ning all the sky.
And first Ascanius, as he led the band,
Pour'd o'er the plain, impetuous, to the strand;
Nor can his panting guardians check the speed
Of the young heroë, and his fiery steed:
Oh! what curst rage is this, ye wretched dames? 865
To what dire purpose fly these fatal flames?
Behold your own Ascanius!----you destroy
No argive navy, but the hopes of Troy.

With that he threw his helmet on the shore, 870
In which he led his youthful bands before.

Next came Æneas, and the trojan host;
 Th' affrighted dames, dispersing o'er the coast,
 To woods and hollow caverns take their flight,
 Repent their crime, and hate the golden light: 875
 With alter'd minds their kindred they confest,
 And the fierce goddesses fled from every breast.

Not so the furious flames; they spread the more;
 And, high in air, with rage redoubled roar.
 Close in the cordage works the fullen fire, 880
 And thro' the ribs the heavy smokes expire.
 Within the keel the subtle vapours lye;
 Thence the contagious flames thro' all the vessel fly.
 The lab'ring heroes toil with fruitless pain,
 And gushing floods on floods are pour'd in vain. 885
 The prince then tore his robes in deep despair,
 Rais'd high his hands, and thus address his pray'r:

Great Jove! if one of all the trojan state,
 Lives yet exempt from thy immortal hate;
 Oh! if thy sacred eyes with wonted grace 890
 Behold the miserable mortal race;
 Suppress these fires; forbid them to destroy;
 And snatch from death the poor remains of Troy!
 Or if my crimes, almighty fire, demand
 The last, last vengeance of thy dreadful hand, 895
 On me, on me alone that vengeance shed,
 And with thy levell'd thunders strike me dead!
 Scarce had he said, when o'er the navy pours
 A sudden gloomy cloud in rattling show'rs;
 Black with the southern winds the tempest flies, 900
 And in a moment bursts from all the skies
 In sluicy sheets and deluges of rain;
 And the loud thunders shook the mountain and the plain.

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Fierce o'er the ships the waters took their way;
And, quench'd in floods, the hissing timbers lay. 905
Four galleys lost; at length the flames retire,
And all the remnant fleet escap'd the raging fire.

Meantime the heroë by the loss oppress'd,
With various cares, that rack'd his lab'ring breast,
If still to seek the latian realm debates, 910
Or here to fix, forgetful of the Fates.

Then Nautes, fam'd for wisdom and for age,
(For Pallas taught the venerable sage,
What great events the Fates and gods ordain;)
Bespoke the chief, and thus reliev'd his pain: 915

'Tis best, illustrious heroë, to obey,
And still pursue where fortune leads the way;
By patience to retrieve our hapless state,
And rise superior to the strokes of fate. 920

Let great Acestes in your counsels join,
Your royal friend, of Troy's immortal line.
Your vessels lost; those numbers who remain,

A timorous, weak, unnecessary train,
The hoary fires and dames, unfit to bear
The perils of the sea or toils of war, 925 }
Select, and trust to his paternal care.

The weary wretches here their walls may frame,
And call their city by the monarch's name.
The prince approv'd th' advice his friend address'd,
But still a thousand cares distract his lab'ring breast. 930

Now o'er the solemn skies devoid of light,
High in her sable chariot rode the night:
When to the godlike heroë, from the pole
Descends, and speaks his mighty father's soul:

My son! in all the fates of Troy approv'd, 935
 Whom, while I liv'd, beyond my life I lov'd;
 Lo! I am sent by heav'n's almighty fire,
 Who from thy navy bade the flames retire.
 The prudent counsel of thy friend obey,
 Take, with the bravest youths, the dangerous way: 940
 With these fair Latium shalt thou reach, and there
 Wage with a rugged race a dreadful war.
 Yet first, my son, to Pluto's regions go,
 And meet thy father in the realms below;
 For know, my spirit was not doom'd to dwell 945
 In the dark horrors and the depths of hell,
 But, with the pious blest assembly reigns,
 In all the pleasures of th' elysian plains.
 But thou the blood of sable victims shed;
 Then shall the Sibyl guide thee to the dead. 950
 There shalt thou know what town the Fates assign,
 With the long glories of thy future line.
 And now farewell;----the night slides swift away,
 I feel from far the morning's painful ray;
 And shrink, and sicken at the beams of day. 955 }
 He said, and lo! that moment from his eyes,
 Like a thin smoke, dissolv'd into the skies.

Vanish'd so soon! where, whither art thou gone?
 Why, why retires my father from his son?
 What! not one last embrace? The prince exclaims: 960
 Then to new life he wakes the slumb'ring flames;
 And hoary Vesta and the trojan powers,
 With sacred gifts and suppliant vows adores.
 Strait the whole scene before his friends he lays,
 But chief the vision to the king displays; 965

Unfolds

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Unfolds the message sent from heav'n above,
 His father's counsel, and the will of Jove.
 His friends approve the heroë's new designs,
 And in the task the good Acestes joins.
 To the new town the matrons they assign'd, 970
 And leave the willing vulgar crowds behind;
 Souls, that no hopes of future praise inflame,
 Cold and insensible to glorious fame.
 With speed the half-burn'd vessels they repair,
 Provide new cordage, decks, and oars with care; 975 }
 A slender band, but eager all for war.
 The prince then drew a city on the plain;
 Next he assign'd the dwellings to the train.
 Now a new Ilion in Trinacria rose,
 And a new Simois and Scamander flows. 98
 Well-pleas'd, Acestes took the sovereign sway;
 Th' adopted subjects their new prince obey.
 The king conven'd the peers around, and fate
 To frame new laws, and regulate the state.
 To Venus' name they bid a temple rise 985
 From Eryx' top, high tow'ring to the skies:
 And next a priest and ample grove were made
 For ever sacred to Anchises' shade.
 Now nine whole days in solemn feasts had past,
 When gentle breezes smooth'd the floods at last: 990
 The southern winds invite their sails and oars;
 Then cries and shrieks resound along the shoars.
 In long, long tenderness they spend the day,
 In close embraces waste the night away.
 Now all the wretches, ev'n the female train, 995
 Who fear'd so late the dangers of the main,

And shrunk, the rolling ocean to survey,
 All wish to take the long laborious way.
 The melting heroe sooths their wild despair,
 And weeps, and gives them to the monarch's care. 1000
 Three heifers next to Eryx' name he pays,
 A lamb to ev'ry storm the heroe slays,
 Unmoors his fleet, and every sail displays. }
 Crown'd with a graceful olive-wreath he stands
 High on the prow; a charger in his hands; 1005
 Hurls the fat entrails o'er the foamy brine,
 And stains the silver waves with fable wine.
 Fresh rise the prosp'rous gales; the sailors sweep,
 And dash with equal strokes the roaring deep.
 Meantime the queen of love, with cares oppress'd, 1010
 The mighty father of the floods address:
 Imperious Juno's unrelenting hate
 To the poor relicks of the trojan state,
 (Which no decrees of Jove or fate restrain,
 Nor length of years, nor vows preferr'd in vain,) 1015
 Compells a sister goddess to repair
 To thee, great Neptune, with a suppliant's pray'r.
 For rage like her's, 'twas little to destroy
 Fair Asia's pride, th' imperial town of Troy!
 'Twas not enough, her wand'ring natives know 1020
 All forms and all varieties of woe!
 But oh! her groundless vengeance would efface,
 Ev'n the last relicks of the perish'd race!
 Thou, thou canst witness, Ocean's mighty god!
 With what dire storms she lash'd the libyan flood; 1025
 When, arm'd with all th' æolian winds in vain,
 Earth, air, and heav'n, she mingled with the main, }
 And rais'd such tumults in thy watry reign.

Yet, still more shameful!----now her arts inspire
 The trojan dames to wrap the ships in fire; 1030
 And urge my son to leave his social band
 (His fleet half-ruin'd) in a foreign land.
 But oh! I beg for those, who yet remain,
 A peaceful voyage to the latian plain;
 A suppliant goddess begs for nothing more. 1035
 Than those same realms the Fates assign'd before!
 'Tis your's, reply'd the monarch of the main,
 Your's to command in this our watry reign;
 Since from the sacred ocean first you came,
 Since your deserts our confidence may claim: 1040
 Oft for your son I bade the whirlwinds cease;
 I hush'd the roarings of the floods to peace;
 And Simois can attest, and Xanthus' stream,
 By land my guardian care was still the same.
 When fierce Achilles, furious to destroy, 1045
 Drove to their walls the trembling sons of Troy;
 Beneath his vengeful spear when thousands bled,
 When the choak'd rivers groan'd with loads of dead;
 When Xanthus' flood, incumber'd with the slain,
 Scarce roll'd his struggling billows to the main; 1050
 Your son oppos'd him, with unequal might
 And far inferior gods, in single fight:
 Instant snatch'd him from the dreadful fray,
 And in a cloud convey'd the chief away.
 Ev'n then I sav'd the warrior, when with joy 1055
 I wish'd and wrought the fall of perjur'd Troy:
 And still will save him---- he shall plow the sea,
 And to Avernus' port direct his way.
 On the wild floods shall only one be lost,
 One single wretch atone for all the host! 1060

Thus when the god had sooth'd her anxious mind,
 His finny courfers to the car he join'd ;
 Next to their fiery mouths the bits apply'd,
 And, while the wheels along the level glide,
 He throws up all the reins, and skims the floating tide. }
 The flood subsides, and spreads a glassy plain,
 And the loud chariot thunders o'er the main ;
 The clouds before the mighty monarch fly
 In heaps, and scatter thro' the boundless sky :
 A thousand forms attend the glorious god, 1070
 Enormous whales and monsters of the flood :
 Here the long train of hoary Glaucus rides ;
 Here the swift Tritons shoot along the tides ;
 There rode Palæmon o'er the watry plain,
 With aged Phorcus and his azure train ; 1075 }
 And beauteous Thetis led the daughters of the main.

Æneas view'd the scene ; and hence arose
 A beam of joy to dissipate his woes.
 Instant he gives command to stretch the sails,
 To rear the mast and catch the springing gales. 1080
 Strait the glad train the spacious sheet unbind,
 And stretch the canvass to the driving wind.
 Old Palinure the first the navy guides ;
 The rest obedient follow through the tides.

Now half the night thro' heav'n had roll'd away, 1085
 The sailors stretch'd along their benches lay,
 When thro' the parting vapour swiftly flies
 The god of slumbers from th' ethereal skies.
 To thee, poor Palinure, he came, and shed
 A fatal sleep on thy devoted head ! 1090
 High on the stern his silent stand he took
 In Phorbas' shape ; and thus the phantom spoke :
 Behold,

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169

Behold, the fleet, my friend, securely sails,
 Steer'd by the floods and wafted by the gales!
 Now steal a moment's rest; myself will guide 1095
 Awhile the vessel o'er the floating tide.
 To whom the careful Palinure replies,
 While scarce he rais'd his heavy closing eyes:
 Me wouldst thou urge in sleep to sink away?
 And fondly credit such a flattering sea? 1100
 Too well, my friend, I know the treach'rous main,
 Too well, to tempt the monster's smiles again!
 Too oft deceiv'd by such a calm before,
 I trust my master to the winds no more.
 This said, he grasp'd the helm, and fixt his eyes 1105
 On every guiding star that gilds the skies.
 Then o'er his temples shook the wrathful god
 A branch, deep-drench'd in Lethe's silent flood.
 The potent charm the dews of slumber steep,
 And soon weigh down his swimming eyes to sleep. 1110
 Scarce yet his languid limbs had sunk away,
 When o'er the wretch the god incumbent lay,
 And, with a shatter'd fragment of the ship,
 Bore down the helm and pilot to the deep;
 Headlong he tumbles in the flashing main, 1115
 And calls for succour to his friends in vain.
 Swift from the stern the traitor phantom flies,
 And with spread pinions mounts the golden skies;
 Yet smooth along the flood the navy rode,
 Safe in the promise of the watry god. 1120
 Now they approach'd the Syren's dangerous coast,
 Once rough, and infamous for vessels lost.
 Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore;
 And, dash'd from rock to rock, the billows roar.

The watchful prince th' endanger'd galley found, 1125
 Without a pilot, strike on shoaly ground ;
 Himself then took the task, by night to guide
 The wand'ring vessel o'er the rolling tide :
 O dear lamented friend ! (the heroë cries,)
 For faith repos'd on flatt'ring seas and skies,
 Cast on a foreign shore thy naked body lies !

The END of the FIFTH BOOK.



VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to Hell, describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

THUS while he wept; with flying sails and oars
The navy reach'd the fair cumæan shores.
The circling anchors here the fleet detain,
All rang'd beside the margin of the main.
With eager transport fir'd, the trojan band
Leap from the ships to gain th' hesperian land.
Some strike from flints the sparkling seeds of flame,
Some storm the coverts of the savage game;
To feed the fires, unroot the standing woods,
And show with joy the new-discover'd floods.
To Phæbus' fane the heroe past along,
And those dark caverns where the Sibyl sung.
There, as the god enlarg'd her soul, she fate,
And open'd all the deep decrees of fate.
The train with reverence enter, and behold
Chast Trivia's grove, and temple roof'd with gold;

A structure rais'd by Dædalus, ('tis said)
 When from the cretan king's revenge he fled.
 On wings to northern climes he dar'd to soar,
 Through airy ways unknown to man before ; 20
 Full many a length of sky and ocean past,
 On Cuma's sacred tow'rs he stoop'd at last.
 Then hung to Phæbus, in the strange abode,
 The wings that steer'd him thro' the liquid road,
 And rais'd the pompous pile in honour of the god. 25 }
 The matchless artist, on the lofty gate,
 Engrav'd Androgeos' memorable fate :
 And here by lot sad Athens yearly paid
 Sev'n hapless youths, to sooth his angry shade.
 Here stood the fatal urn ; and there with pride 30
 Fair Crete rose tow'ring on the silver tide.
 There too the father of the herds was seen,
 Who quench'd the passion of the lustful queen ;
 Their birth, a beast below, a man above,
 The mingled offspring of prepost'rous love ! 35
 There stood the winding pile, whose mazes run
 Round within round, and end where they begun.
 But when the pitying Dædalus survey'd
 The hopeless passion of the † royal maid,
 He led her Theseus through the puzzling ways, 40
 Safe with a clue, and open'd every maze.
 Thou too, poor Icarus ! hadst borne a part,
 Had grief not check'd him, in thy parent's art !
 He thrice essay'd the mournful task in vain ;
 Thrice shook his hand, and drop'd the task again. 45

Thus had they gaz'd o'er all the costly frame,
 When lo ! Achates from the temple came ;

† *Ariadne,*

With

With him the priestess, the prophetic maid,
 And to the trojan heroe thus she said :
 Hence---gaze no more ; sev'n chosen sheep with speed, 50
 Sev'n steers, unconscious of the yoke, must bleed.
 She spoke ; the crowds obey ; within the fane
 The priestess calls the wond'ring trojan train.
 Scoop'd thro' the rock, in mighty depth display'd,
 Lies the dark cavern of the sacred maid ; 55
 Thro' all the hundred portals rush abroad
 The Sibyl's voice and answers of the god.
 Scarce at the cell arriv'd,---Invoke the skies,
 I feel the god, the rushing god ! she cries.
 While yet she spoke, enlarg'd her features grew, 60
 Her colour chang'd, her locks dishevel'd flew.
 The heavenly tumult reigns in every part,
 Pants in her breast, and swells her rising heart :
 Still spreading to the fight, the Sibyl glow'd,
 And heav'd impatient of th' incumbent god. 65
 Then to her inmost soul by Phœbus fir'd,
 In more than human sounds she spoke inspir'd :
 Still, dost thou still delay ? thy voice employ
 In ardent vows, illustrious prince of Troy !
 Thy pray'rs, thy urgent pray'rs must wide display 70
 These awful portals to the light of day.
 She said ; the Trojans shook with holy fear,
 And thus the suppliant prince prefer'd his pray'r :
 Hear, Phœbus, gracious god ! whose aid divine
 So oft has sav'd the wretched trojan line, 75
 And wing'd the shaft from Paris' phrygian bow,
 The shaft that laid the great Achilles low.
 Led by thy guardian care, secure I past
 Thro' many a realm, and rang'd the watry waste ;

Trod

Trod the wild regions where the Syrtes lie, 85
 And lands that stretch beneath a different sky.
 At length the coast of Italy we gain,
 The flying coast, so long pursu'd in vain.
 Till now, to every realm our course we bent,
 And Ilion's fate pursu'd us where we went. 90
 Now all ye pow'rs, confederate to destroy
 The glorious empire, and the tow'rs of Troy,
 'Tis time to bid your wrathful vengeance cease,
 To bid her poor remains repose in peace.
 And thou, great priestess! to whose piercing eye 95
 Disclos'd, the scenes of future ages lie;
 Since all my cares and labours but explore
 An empire promis'd by the Fates before,
 Give me to fix in Latium's fair abodes
 The sons of Troy, and rest her wand'ring gods: 100
 Then shall my hands a glorious temple frame
 To mighty Dian and her brother's name;
 And solemn days to Phœbus I'll decree,
 And in my realms shall temples rise to thee.
 There all thy mystic numbers will I place, 105
 With all the fortunes of the trojan race.
 By chosen sages guarded, there shall lie
 The records, sacred from the vulgar eye.
 Nor be my fates to flitting leaves consign'd,
 To fly the common sport of every wind! 110
 But thou, even thou, great prophetess! relate
 In vocal accents all my future fate.
 Now in her cavern raves the maid, oppress'd
 By Phœbus raging in her heaving breast;
 She struggles to discharge th' immortal load, 115
 Maddens, and bounds, impatient of the god:
 Her

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Her foamy mouth attentive to controul,
He forms her organs and commands her soul.
Then (all the hundred doors display'd to view,)
Thro' every vent the sacred accents flew : 115

By sea, O prince ! are all thy perils o'er,
But far, far greater wait thee on the shore.
Dismiss thy doubts ; to Latium's destin'd plain
Troy's sons shall come, but wish to fly again.
Wars, horrid wars I see on Tyber's shore ; 120
And all his waves run thick with human gore !
Scamander shalt thou find, and Simois there,
And Greece shall arm a second host for war.

A new Achilles rises to the fight ;
Him too a pregnant goddess brings to light : 125
And heav'n's great queen, with unrelenting hate,
Still, as of old, pursues the dardan state.

Once more the woes of Troy derive their cause
From a new breach of hospitable laws ;
And she must bleed again, as late she bled, 130
For a rape'd princess and a foreign bed.
How shalt thou rove, new succours to implore,
From every court along the latian shore !

But thou, more bold, the more thy fates oppose,
Advance, great prince, superior to thy woes. 135
Thy first fair hopes of safety and success,
Beyond thy fondest wish, shall rise from Greece.

Thus spoke the Sibyl from her dark abode
The dread mysterious answers of the god ;
The wond'rous truths, involv'd in riddles, gave, 140
And, furious, bellow'd round the gloomy cave.
Apollo shook his rod, possess'd her whole,
Pour'd in his fires, and rein'd her raging soul.

At

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At length the fierce etherial transports cease,
And all the heavenly fury sunk in peace. 145

When thus the chief----O sacred dame ! I know
Too well already my predestin'd woe ;
But grant my pray'r !----Since here, as Fame relates,
Lies the dread road to Pluto's gloomy gates ;
Where baleful Acheron spreads far and wide 150

His livid, melancholy, murmuring tide ;
Unfold these portals, and thy suppliant lead
Down to the dark dominions of the dead :
Give me to view my father's-reverend face,
And rush with transport to his dear embrace ! 155

Him through embattled armies I convey'd,
While javelins hift, and flames around me play'd.
He shar'd my toils, determin'd to defy
The storms of every sea and every sky ;
In hardships, cares, and dangers to engage ; 160
Nor spar'd his stooping venerable age.

Yet more----he bade me to thy cell repair,
And seek thy potent aid with suppliant pray'r :
Oh ! hear our joint request, our just desire ;
And guide the son, in pity to the fire. 165

Your's is the pow'r, for Hecate bestow'd
On you the rule of this infernal wood.
If Orpheus by his lyre's enchanting strain
Could call his consort from the shades again ;
If Pollux dy'd alternate, to convey 170 }
His ransom'd brother to the realms of day,
And trod so oft the same infernal way :
Why should I Theseus, why Alcides name ?
Each hero sprung but from a mortal dame !

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177

To hell those chiefs descended from above :

175 }

I claim a juster right ; for I can prove

My birth from Venus ; my descent from Jove.

Then to the trojan heroe, as he pray'd

And grasp'd the altars, spoke the sacred maid :

O glorious prince ! of brave Anchises' line,

180

Great, godlike heroe, sprung from seed divine !

Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade ;

And hell's black gates for ever stand display'd :

But 'tis a long unconquerable pain,

To climb to these ethereal realms again.

185

The choice selected few, whom fav'ring Jove,

Or their own virtue rais'd to heav'n above,

From these dark realms emerg'd again to day ;

The mighty sons of gods ! and only they !

The frightful entrance lies perplex'd with woods,

190

Inclos'd with sad Cocytus' fullen floods.

But since you long to pass the realms beneath,

The dreadful realms of darkness and of death,

Twice the dire stygian stream to measure o'er,

And twice the black tartarean gulph explore :

195

First, take my counsel, then securely go ;

A mighty tree, that bears a golden bough,

Grows in a vale surrounded with a grove,

And sacred to the queen of stygian Jove.

Her neather world no mortals can behold,

200

Till from the bole they strip the blooming gold.

The mighty queen requires this gift alone,

And claims the shining wonder for her own.

One pluck'd away, a second branch you see

Shoot forth in gold, and glitter through the tree.

205

Go

Go then ; with care erect thy searching eyes,
 And in proud triumph seize the glorious prize.
 Thy purpos'd journey if the Fates allow,
 Free to thy touch shall bend the costly bough.
 If not ; the tree will mortal strength disdain ; 210
 And steel shall hew the glitt'ring branch in vain.
 Besides, while here my counsel you implore,
 Your breathless friend, unburied on the shore,
 (Ah ! hapless warrior ! in thy absence lost)
 The camp unhallows, and pollutes the host. 215
 First let his cold remains in earth be laid,
 And decent in the grave dispose the dead.
 The due lustration next perform, and bring
 The fable victims for the stygian king.
 Then to the realms of hell shalt thou repair, 220
 Untrod by those who breathe the vital air.

She ceas'd ; the mournful prince returns with sighs :
 On earth the drooping hero fix'd his eyes.
 Deep in his melancholy thoughts he weigh'd
 The dire event ; and all the Sibyl said ; 225
 While at his side the good Achates shares
 The warrior's anguish, and divides his cares.
 Oft they divin'd in vain, what hapless friend
 Dead and expos'd, her dubious words intend.
 But when arriv'd, amid the crowded strand 230
 They saw Misenus stretch'd along the sand ;
 The great Misenus, of celestial kind ;
 Sprung from the mighty monarch of the wind ;
 Whose trump, with noble clangors, fir'd from far
 Th' embattl'd hosts, and blew the flames of war. 235
 By Hector's side with unresisted might
 His javelin rag'd ; his trumpet rous'd the fight.

But

But when that heroe on the phrygian plain
By stern Pelides' thund'ring arm was slain,
He follow'd next Æneas' conqu'ring sword, 240
As brave a warrior as his former lord.
But while the daring mortal o'er the flood
Rais'd his high notes, and challeng'd ev'ry god,
With envy Triton heard the noble strain,
And whelm'd the bold musician in the main. 245
Around the body stood the mournful host,
But his great master wept, and suffer'd most.
The sorrowing troops the Sibyl's words obey,
And to the lofty forest bend their way,
To bid the proud funereal pyre arise, 250
And build the solemn structure to the skies.
Then fled the savage from his dark abode ;
The well-ply'd axes echo' thro' the wood.
The piercing wedges cleave the crackling oak ;
Loud groan the trees, and sink at every stroke. 255
The tall ash tumbles from the mountain's crown ;
Th' aërial elms come crashing headlong down.
First of the train, the prince, with thund'ring sound,
Whirl'd his huge ax, and spread the ruin round.
Then as the mighty forest he survey'd, 260
O'erwhelm'd with care, the thoughtful heroe pray'd :
Oh ! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold !
Since truth inspir'd each word the Sibyl said ;
Too truly she pronounc'd Misenus dead ! 265
While yet he spoke, two doves before him flew :
His mother's birds the chief with transport knew ;
Then, as they settled on the verdant plain,
The joyful heroe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain :

Be you my guides thro' airy tracks above, 270
 And lead my footsteps to the fatal grove ;
 Point out the road (if any can be found)
 Where the rich bough o'er-spreads the sacred ground
 With checquer'd darkness pierc'd by golden rays,
 And darts at once a shadow and a blaze : 275
 Thou too, o goddess mother ! lead me on,
 Unfold these wonders, and relieve thy son.
 This said, he stop'd ; but still his eager sight
 Watch'd every motion, and observ'd their flight.
 By turns they feed, by turns they gently fly ; 280
 Th' advancing chief still follows with his eye.
 Arriv'd at length, where, breathing to the skies,
 Blue clouds of poison from Avernus rise,
 Swift from the deathful blast at once they spring,
 Cut the light air, and shoot upon the wing ; 285
 Then on the wond'rous tree the doves alight,
 Where shines the fatal bough, divinely bright,
 That, gilding all the leaves with glancing beams,
 Strikes through the sullen shade with golden gleams :
 As when bleak winter binds the frozen skies, 290
 Push'd from the oak her foreign honours rise ;
 The lofty trunk th' adopted branches crown,
 Grac'd with a * yellow offspring not her own :
 So with bright beams, all beauteous to behold,
 Glow'd on the dusky tree the blooming gold ; 295
 The blooming gold, by every breath inclin'd,
 Flam'd as it wav'd, and tinkled in the wind.
 The chief with transport stripp'd the branching oar,
 And the rich trophy to the Sibyl bore.
 Next on the strand, with tears the Trojans paid 300
 The last sad honours to Misenus' shade :

* *Miseto.*

With

With cloven oaks and unctuous pines, they rear
A stately solemn pile aloft in air.

With sable wreaths they deck the sides around,
The spreading front with baleful cypress bound,
And with his arms the tow'ring structure crown'd.

305

Some the huge cauldron fill; the foaming stream
From the deep womb mounts bubbling o'er the brim.

With groans the train anoint and bathe the dead,
O'er the cold limbs his purple garment spread,
And place him decent on the funeral bed;

310

While these support the bier, and in their hands,
With looks averted, hold the flaming brands:

The rite of old!---rich incense loads the pyre,
And oils and slaughter'd victims feed the fire.

315

Soon as the pile, subsiding, flames no more,
With wine the smoaking heap they sprinkled o'er:

Then Chorinæus took the charge, to place
The bones selected in a brazen vase:

A verdant branch of olive in his hands,
He mov'd around, and purify'd the bands;

320

Slow as he past, the lustral waters shed,
Then clos'd the rites, and thrice invok'd the dead.

This done; to solemnize the warrior's doom,
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb;

325

The tow'ring top his well-known ensigns bore,
His arms, his once-loud trump, and tapering oar:

Beneath the mountain rose the mighty frame,
That bears, from age to age, Misenus' name.

These rites discharg'd; the Sibyl to obey,
Swift from the tomb the hero bends his way.

330

Deep, deep, a cavern lies, devoid of light,
All rough with rocks, and horrible to fight;

The gaping gulph inclos'd with sable floods,
And the brown horrors of surrounding woods. 335

From her black jaws such baleful vapours rise,
Blot the bright day, and blast the golden skies,
That not a bird can stretch her pinions there
Through the thick poisons and incumber'd air :
O'ertook by death her flagging pinions cease, 340

And hence Aornus was it call'd by Greece.
Hither the priestess four black heifers led,
Between their horns the hallow'd wine she shed ;
From their high front the topmost hairs she drew,
And in the flames the first oblations threw. 345

Then calls on potent Hecate, renown'd
In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.
The victims next th' attendants kill'd, and stood
With ample chargers, to receive the blood.
To Earth and Night a lamb of sable hue, 350

With solemn rites, the pious heroe slew.
Next, by the knife a barren heifer fell
To great Persephone, the queen of hell.
Then to her lord, infernal Jove, he paid
A large oblation in the gloomy shade ; 355

And oyls amid the burning entrails pour'd,
While slaughter'd bulls the sacred flames devour'd.
When lo ! by dawning day, with dreadful sound,
Beneath their footsteps groans the heaving ground ;
The groves all wave ; the forests tremble round. 360

Pale Hecate forsook the neather sky,
And howling dogs proclaim'd the goddess nigh.
Fly, ye profane ! o fly ! and far remove
(Exclaims the priestess) from the hallow'd grove :
And thou, Æneas, draw thy shining steel, 365
And boldly take the dreadful road to hell.

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To the great task thy strength and courage call,
With all thy pow'rs; this instant claims them all.
This said; she plunges down the deep descent;
The prince as boldly follow'd where she went. 370

Ye subterraneous gods! whose awful sway
The gliding ghosts and silent shades obey;
O Chaos hoar! and Phlegethon profound!
Whose solemn empire stretches wide around;
Give me, ye great tremendous pow'rs! to tell 375
Of scenes and wonders in the depths of hell;
Give me your mighty secrets to display
From those black realms of darkness to the day!

Now through the dismal gloom they pass, and tread
Grim Pluto's courts, the regions of the dead; 380
As puzzled travellers bewilder'd move,
(The moon scarce glimmering thro' the dusky grove)
When Jove from mortal eyes has snatch'd the light,
And wrap'd the world in undistinguish'd night.

At hell's dread mouth a thousand monsters wait; 385
Grief weeps, and vengeance bellows in the gate:
Base want, low fear, and famine's lawless rage,
And pale disease, and slow repining age,
Fierce, formidable fiends! the portal keep;
With pain, toil, death, and death's half-brother sleep. 390
There, joys, embitter'd with remorse, appear;
Daughters of guilt! here storms destructive war,
Mad discord there her snaky tresses tore;
Here, stretch'd on iron beds, the furies roar.
Full in the midst a spreading elm display'd 395
His aged arms, and cast a mighty shade,
Each trembling leaf with some light vision teems,
And heaves impregnated with airy dreams.

With

With double forms each Scylla took her place
 In hell's dark entrance, with the Centaur's race ; 400
 And, close by Lerna's hissing monster, stands
 Briareus dreadful with a hundred hands.
 There stern Geryon rag'd ; and, all around,
 Fierce Harpies scream'd, and direful Gorgons frown'd :
 Here from Chimæra's jaws long flames expire ; 405
 And the huge fiend was wrap'd in smoky and fire.
 Scar'd at the sight, his sword the hero drew
 At the grim monsters, as they rose to view.
 His guide then warn'd him, not to wage the war
 With thin light forms and images of air ; 410
 Else had he rush'd amid th' impassive train,
 And madly struck at empty shades in vain.

From hence a dark uncomfortable road
 Leads to dread Acheron's tartarean flood,
 Whose furious whirl-pools boil on every side, 415
 And in Cocytus pour the roaring tide
 All stain'd with ooze, and black with rising sands ;
 Lord of the flood, imperious Charon stands ;
 But rough, begrim'd, and dreadful he appear'd ;
 Rude and neglected hung his length of beard ; 420
 All patch'd and knotted flutters his attire ;
 His wrathful eye-balls glare with sanguine fire.
 Tho' old, still unimpair'd by years he stood,
 And hoary vigour blest the surly god.
 Himself still ply'd the oars, the canvass spread, 425
 And in his sable bark convey'd the dead.
 Hither, a mighty crowd, a mingled host,
 Confus'd, came pouring round the stygian coast.
 Men, matrons, boys and virgins, in the throng,
 With mighty kings and heroes march'd along ; 430
 And

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And blooming youths, before their mournful fires
Stretch'd out untimely on their funeral pyres;
Thick as the leaves come fluttering from above,
When cooler autumn strips the blasted grove:
Thick, as the feather'd flocks, in close array, 435
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,
When from the rage of winter they repair
To warmer suns and more indulgent air.
All stretch their suppliant hands, and all implore
The first kind passage to the farther shore. 440
Now these, now those he singles from the host,
And some he drives all trembling from the coast,
The prince, astonish'd at the tumult, cry'd,
Why crowd such mighty numbers to the tide?
Why are those favour'd ghosts transported o'er, 445
And these sad shades chas'd backward from the shore?
The full of days, the Sibyl, thus replies:
Great prince, the true descendant of the skies!
You see Cocytus' stream; the stygian floods,
Whose awful sanction binds th' attesting gods. 450
Those, who neglected on the strand remain,
Are all a wretched, poor, unbury'd train.
Charon is he, who o'er the flood presides;
And those, interr'd, who cross the stygian tides,
No mortals pass the hoarse-resounding wave, 455
But those who slumber in the peaceful grave.
Thus, till a hundred years have roll'd away,
Around these shores the plaintive spectres stray.
That mighty term expir'd, their wanderings past,
They reach the long-expected shore at last. 460

Struck with their fate, his steps the heroë stay'd,
And with soft pity all the crowd survey'd.

When lo ! Leucaspis in the throng he spy'd ;
 And great Orontes, once the lycian guide ;
 Sullen and sad ; for fate's relentless doom 465
 Deny'd the chiefs the honour of a tomb ;
 Whose galley, whirl'd by tempests round and round,
 Sunk, by a mighty furge devour'd and drown'd.
 Now drew his pilot Palinurus nigh,
 Who watching every star that gilds the sky, 470
 While from the libyan shores his course he keeps,
 From the tall stern plung'd headlong down the deeps.
 Pensive his slow approach the specters made,
 When, as the prince had scarce his form survey'd
 Thro' the thick gloom, he first address'd the shade :
 What godhead whelm'd my friend, our faithful guide,
 Beneath the roarings of the dreadful tide ?
 Tell me-----for oh ! I never could complain,
 Till now, of Phœbus, nor believ'd in vain.
 Once he foretold----- (but ah ! those hopes are lost) 480
 That Palinure should reach th' ausonian coast,
 Safe from the giddy storm and rolling flood ;
 Is this, is this the promise of a god ?

Nor Phœbus, he replies, foretold in vain,
 Nor has a god o'erwhelm'd me in the main. 485
 No---as I steer'd along the foamy sea,
 Headlong I fell, and tore the helm away.
 But by these fierce tumultuous floods I swear,
 For my own life I never felt a fear,
 For your's alone I trembled, lest the ship, 490
 Left all at large, and bounding o'er the deep,
 Robb'd of her helm and long-experienc'd guide,
 Should sink, o'erwhelm'd in such a furious tide.

For

For three long stormy nights sublime I rode,
Heav'd by the southern tempests, o'er the flood ; 495

At early dawn my eyes could just explore,
From a tall tow'ring surge, th' italian shore.

Thus tir'd, the land I gain by slow degrees,

And 'scap'd at length the dangers of the seas ;

But hopes of prey the savage natives led, 500

And, while I grasp'd the shaggy mountain's head,

(My cumb'rous vests yet heavy from the main,)

By barbarous hands thy helpless friend was slain.

And now by floating surges am I tost,

With every wind, and dash'd upon the coast. 505

But by the light of yon' etherial air,

By thy dead father and surviving heir,

O prince ! thy pity to a wretch extend ;

And from these dismal realms enlarge thy friend.

Or to the velin port direct thy way, 510

And in the ground my breathless body lay :

Or, if thy goddess-mother can disclose

Some means to fix a period to my woes,

(For sure uncall'd, unguided by the gods,

You durst not pass these dreadful stygian floods) 515

Lend to a pining wretch thy friendly hand,

And waft him with thee to the farther strand !

Thus, in this dismal state of death, at least

My wand'ring soul may lie compos'd in rest.

And how, reply'd the dame, could rise in man 520

A wish so impious, or a thought so vain !

Uncall'd, unbury'd, wouldst thou venture o'er,

And view th' infernal fiends who guard the shore ?

Hope not to turn the course of fate by pray'r,

Or bend the gods inflexibly severe : 525

But bear thy doom content; while I disclose
 A beam of comfort to relieve thy woes :
 For know, the nations bord'ring on the floods,
 Alarm'd by direful omens of the gods,
 In full atonement of thy death shall rear

530

A mighty tomb, and annual offerings bear.
 The place from age to age, renown'd by fame,
 Still shall be known by Palinurus' name.
 These words reliev'd his sorrows, and display'd
 A dawn of joy to please the pensive shade.

535

Now they proceed; but soon the pilot spy'd
 The strangers from the wood approach the tide.
 Then to the godlike chief, in wrath he said,
 Mortal! whoe'er thou art, in arms array'd,
 Stand off; approach not; but at distance say,

540

Why to these waters dar'st thou bend thy way;
 These are the realms of sleep, the dreadful coasts
 Of fable night, and airy gliding ghosts,
 No living mortals o'er the stream I lead;

Our bark is only sacred to the dead.

545

Know, I repent I led Pirithous o'er,
 With mighty Theseus, to the farther shore;
 That great Alcides past the stygian floods;
 Tho' these were heroes, and the sons of gods,
 From Pluto's throne, this drag'd in chains away

550

Hell's triple porter, trembling, to the day.
 Those from his lofty dome aspir'd to lead
 The beauteous partner of his royal bed.
 To whom the sacred dame :—How vain thy fear!

These arms intend no violence or war.

555

May the huge dog, thro' all the stygian coasts,
 Roar from his den and scare the flying ghosts;

Untouch'd

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Untouch'd and chaste, Persephoné may dwell,
 And with grim Pluto share the throne of hell:
 The trojan prince, Æneas, far around 560
 For valour, arms, and piety renown'd,
 Thro' these infernal realms decrees to go,
 And meet his father in the shades below.
 To bend thy mind, if such high virtue fail,
 At least this glorious present must prevail; 565
 (Then show'd the bough, that lay beneath her vest)
 At once his rising wrath was hush'd to rest;
 At once stood reconcil'd the ruthless god,
 And bow'd with reverence to the golden rod,
 Bow'd, and refus'd his office now no more, 570
 But turns the fable vessel to the shore;
 Drives from the deck the sitting airy train;
 Then in the bark receiv'd the mighty man.
 The feeble vessel groans beneath the load,
 And drinks at many a leak th' infernal flood. 575
 The dame and prince at last are wasted o'er
 Safe to the slimy strand and cozy shore.

Arriv'd, they first grim Cerberus survey;
 Stretch'd in his den th' enormous monster lay.
 His three wide mouths, with many a dreadful yell, 580
 And long, loud bellowings, shook the realms of hell:
 Now o'er his neck the starting serpents rose,
 When to the fiend the dame a morsel throws.
 Honey, and drugs, and poppy-juices steep
 The temper'd mass with all the pow'rs of sleep. 585
 With three huge gaping mouths, impatient flies
 The growling savage, and devours the prize;
 Then, by the charm subdu'd, he sunk away;
 And, stretch'd o'er all the cave, the slumb'ring monster lay.

The fiend thus lull'd, the hero took the road, 590
And left behind th' irremeable flood.

Now, as they enter'd, doleful screams they hear;
And tender cries of infants pierce the ear,
Just new to life, by too severe a doom,
Snatch'd from the cradle to the silent tomb! 595

Next, mighty numbers crowd the verge of hell,
Who by a partial charge and sentence fell.

Here, by a juster lot, their seats they took;
The fatal urn imperious Minos shook,
Convenes a council, bids the spectres plead, 600
Rehears the wretches, and absolves the dead.

Then crowds succeed, who, prodigal of breath,
Themselves anticipate the doom of death;
Tho' free from guilt, they cast their lives away,
And sad and sullen hate the golden day. 605

Oh! with what joy the wretches now would bear
Pain, toil and woe, to breathe the vital air!
In vain!---by fate for ever are they bound
With dire Avernus and the lake profound;
And Styx with nine wide channels roars around. 610

Next, open wide the melancholy plains,
Where lovers pine in everlasting pains;
Those soft consuming flames they felt alive,
Pursue the wretches, and in death survive.

Here, where the myrtle groves their shades display, 615
In cover'd walks they pass their hours away.

Evadne, Phædra, Procris he survey'd,
Pasiphaë next, and Laodamia's shade.
Stabb'd by her son, false Eriphylé there

Points to her wound, and lays her bosom bare: 620
Cæneus,

Cæneus, who try'd both sexes, trod the plain,
 Now to a woman chang'd by fate again.
 With these, fair Dido rang'd the silent wood,
 New from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood ;
 The chief, advancing thro' the shady scene, 625
 Scarce thro' the gloom discern'd the sullen queen :
 So the pale moon scarce glimmers to the eye,
 When first she rises in a clouded sky.
 He wept, and thus address'd her in the grove,
 With all the melting tenderness of love : 630
 Then was it true, that by revengeful steel,
 Stung with despair, unhappy Dido fell ?
 And I, was I the cause of that despair ?
 Yet oh ! I vow by every golden star ;
 By all the pow'rs th' æthereal regions know, 635
 By all the pow'rs that rule the world below,
 I left your realm reluctant ; o'er the floods
 Call'd by the fates, and summon'd by the gods ;
 Th' immortal gods ;---by whose commands I come
 From yon' bright realms to this eternal gloom : 640
 Condemn'd the wailful deep of night to tread,
 And pass these doleful regions of the dead.
 Ah ! could I think, when urg'd by heav'n to go,
 My flight would plunge you in the depth of woe !----
 Stay, Dido, stay, and see from whom you fly ! 645
 'Tis from your fond repentant lover's eye.
 Turn then one moment, and my vows believe,
 The last, last moment fate will ever give !
 Nought to these tender words the fair replies,
 But fixt on earth her unrelenting eyes. 650
 The chief still weeping ; with a sullen mein,
 In stedsfast silence, frown'd th' obdurate queen.

Fixt as a rock amidst the roaring main,
 She hears him sigh, implore, and plead in vain.
 Then, where the woods their thickest shades display; 655
 From his detested fight she shoots away;
 There from her dear Sichæus, in the grove,
 Found all her cares repaid, and love return'd for love.
 Touch'd with her woes, the prince, with streaming eyes
 And floods of tears, pursues her as she flies. 660

Hence he proceeds: and last the fields appear,
 Where stalk'd the proud heroic sons of war.
 Tydeus and pale Adrastus rose to fight,
 With * Atalanta's son renown'd in fight.
 Here, a long crowd of chiefs the prince beheld, 665
 Who fell lamented in the glorious field,
 His trojan friends; ---with sighs he view'd the train;
 Three valiant sons of sage Antenor slain:
 Here brave Therfilocus and Glaucus stood,
 Medon and Polybates bath'd in blood. 670
 Idæus there still glories in alarms;
 Vaults on his car and wields his shining arms,
 Eager to view the chief, on either hand,
 Rank behind rank, the eager warriors stand:
 All in their turn retard the prince, to know 675
 What urg'd his journey to the shades below.
 Not so the kings of Greece,---apall'd, dismay'd,
 The hostile chiefs the godlike man survey'd }
 In arms that glitter'd thro' the dusky shade. }
 Some turn'd and fled, astonish'd at the view, 680
 As when before him to their fleets they flew.
 Some rais'd a cry; the flutt'ring accents hung
 And dy'd imperfect on the trembling tongue.

Here

* *Parthenopæus.*

Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found ;
 The mangled youth was one continu'd wound, 685
 For now his face, his beauteous face appears
 Gash'd and dishonour'd with a thousand scars.
 His hands, ears, nostrils, hideous to survey !
 The stern insulting foes had lopp'd away ;
 Trembling he stood, industrious to conceal 690
 The bloody traces of the ruthless steel.
 Soon as the prince discern'd him, he began,
 And thus deplor'd the miserable man :
 O brave Deïphobus ! o chief divine !
 Sprung from majestic Teucer's martial line ; 695
 What fierce barbarian hands could thus disgrace
 Thy manly figure, and thy beauteous face ?
 In that last night, when Ilion sunk in flame,
 I heard, brave warrior ! from the voice of Fame,
 You fell on heaps of foes, with slaughter tir'd, 700
 And on the glorious purple pile expir'd.
 With care I rais'd on our rhætean coast
 A vacant tomb, and hail'd thy mighty ghost :
 Thy name and arms adorn the place around ;
 And, had thy mangled bleeding corse been found, 705
 Thy reliques had repos'd in trojan ground.

My friend (replies the chief) has duly paid,
 All funeral honours to my pensive shade ;
 But these dire woes from fatal Helen came ;
 These are the triumphs of the spartan dame ! 710
 For well, too well you know, in what delight
 We fondly spent our last destructive night :
 When the vast monster, big with Ilion's doom,
 Tow'r'd thro' the town, an army in the womb ;

In solemn show she bade the dames advance, 715
And in dissembled orgies led the dance ;

A flaming torch she brandish'd in her hand ;
Then from the tow'r invites the grecian band,
While, worn with labours I repos'd my head
(Ah wretch ill-fated !) on our bridal bed. 720

My heavy lids the dews of slumber steep,
Lull'd in a soft, profound, and death-like sleep.
Then from beneath my head, as tir'd I lay,
My loyal bride conveys my sword away,
Removes my arms, unfolds the door, and calls 725

Her spartan lord within my palace walls ;
Betrays her last, to please her former spouse,
And cancel all the guilt of broken vows !
Fierce they broke in, by dire Ulysses led,
And basely slew me in the bridal bed. 730

Hear my just pray'rs, ye gods !----to Greece repay
A fate like mine ; give all your vengeance way !
But thee, o prince, what wond'rous fortune led
Alive, to these dominions of the dead ?

Say, did the will and counsel of the gods, 735
Or the rude tempests and tumultuous floods,
Compell thy course from yon' ethereal light
To these dark realms of everlasting night ?

Meantime the swift-wing'd coursers of the sun
Thro' heav'n full half their fiery race had run ; 740
And all th' appointed hours in talk had past,
But thus the priestess warn'd the chief at last :
Lo ! night advances ; prince !---we waste away
In idle sorrows the remains of day.

See---in two ample roads, the way divides ; 745
The right, direct, our destin'd journey guides,

By

By Pluto's palace, to th' Elyſian plains ;
 The left to Tartarus, where, bound in chains,
 Loud houl the damn'd in everlaſting pains. }
 Diſmiſs thy wrath, replies the penſive ſhade, 750
 But one word more---I then rejoin the dead :
 Go---mighty prince, the promis'd throne aſcend ;
 Go---but with better fortune than thy friend !
 With theſe laſt accents, to the warrior hoſt
 Retires the trembling, melancholy ghoul. 755

Now to the left, Æneas darts his eyes,
 Where lofty walls with triple ramparts riſe.
 There rolls ſwift Phlegethon, with thund'ring ſound,
 His broken rocks, and whirls his ſarges round.
 On mighty columns rais'd, ſublime are hung 760
 The maſſy gates, impenetrably ſtrong.
 In vain would men, in vain would gods eſſay,
 To hew the beams of adamant away.
 Here roſe an iron tow'r : before the gate,
 By night and day, a wakeful fury ſate, 765
 The pale Tiſiphoné, a robe ſhe wore,
 With all the pomp of horror, dy'd in gore.
 Here the loud ſcourge and louder voice of pain,
 The craſhing fetter and the rattling chain,
 Scar'd the great heroe with the frightful ſound, 770
 The hoarſe, rough, mingled din, that thunders round :
 Oh ! whence that peal of groans ? what pains are thoſe ?
 What crimes could merit ſuch ſtupendous woes ?

Thus ſhe---Brave guardian of the trojan ſtate,
 None that are pure muſt paſs that dreadful gate. 775
 When plac'd by Hecat o'er Avernus' woods,
 I learnt the ſecrets of thoſe dire abodes,
 With all the tortures of the vengeful gods, }

Here Rhadamanthus holds his awful reign,
 Hears and condemns the trembling impious train; 780
 Those hidden crimes the wretch till death suppress,
 With mingled joy and horror in his breast;
 The stern dread judge commands him to display;
 And lays the guilty secrets bare to day;
 Her lash Tisphoné that moment shakes;
 The ghost she scourges with a thousand snakes; 785
 Then to her aid, with many a thund'ring yell,
 Calls her dire sisters from the gulphs of hell.

Now the loud portals from their hinges flew,
 And all the dreadful scene appears in view. 790
 Behold (she cries) what direful monster waits
 (Tremendous form!) to guard the gloomy gates!
 Within, her bulk more dreadful Hydra spreads,
 And hissing rears her fifty tow'ring heads;
 Full twice as deep the dungeon of the fiends,
 The huge, tartarean, gloomy gulf descends; 795
 Below these regions, as these regions lie,
 From the bright realms of yon' ethereal sky.
 Here roar the titan race, th' enormous birth;
 The antient offspring of the teeming earth;
 Pierc'd by the burning bolts, of old they fell,
 And still roll bellowing in the depths of hell;
 Here lie th' æleian twins, in length display'd;
 Stretch'd as they lie, the giants I forvey'd;
 Who warr'd to drive the thund'rer from above;
 And storm'd the skies, and shook the throne of Jove;
 There proud Salmoneus, wrapt in chains below,
 Raves in eternal agonies of woe;
 Who mock'd, with empty sounds and mimic rays,
 Heav'n's awful thunder and the lightning's blaze; 800
 Th' audacious

Th' audacious wretch thro' Elis tow'rd in air,
 Whirl'd by four coursers in his rattling car;
 A blazing torch he shook; thro' crowds he rode;
 And madly claim'd the glories of a god.
 O'er hollow vaults he lash'd the steeds along,
 And, as they flew, the brazen arches rung. 815
 Vain fool! to mock the bolts of heav'n above,
 And those inimitable flames of Jove!
 But from the clouds, th' avenging father aims
 Far other bolts and undissembled flames. 820
 Dash'd from his car, the mimic thund'rer fell,
 And in a fiery whirl-wind plung'd to hell.
 There too the mighty Tityus I beheld,
 Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er th' infernal field;
 He cover'd nine large acres as he lay, 825
 While with fierce screams a vultur tore away
 His liver for her food, and scoop'd the smoaking prey;
 Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plung'd in vain,
 For still the fruitful fibres spring again,
 Swell, and renew th' enormous monster's pain. 830
 She dwells for ever in his roomy breast,
 Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's rest;
 But still th' immortal prey supplies th' immortal feast.
 Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,
 Ixion's torments, or Pirithous' fate? 835
 On high a tottering rocky fragment spreads,
 Projects in air and trembles o'er their heads.
 Stretch'd on the couch, they see with longing eyes
 In regal pomp successive banquets rise.
 While lucid columns, glorious to behold, 840
 Support th' imperial canopies of gold.

The

The queen of furies, a tremendous guest,
 Sits by their side, and guards the tempting feast,
 Which if they touch, her dreadful torch she rears,
 Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears, 845
 They that on earth had low pursuits in view,
 Their brethren hated, or their parents flew,
 And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their store,
 But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor,
 Or in a cause unrighteous fought and bled, 850
 Or perish'd in the foul adulterous bed,
 Or broke the ties of faith with base deceit;
 Imprison'd deep, their destin'd torments wait.
 But what their torments, seek not thou to know,
 Or the dire sentence of their endless woe. 855
 Some roll a stone, rebounding down the hill,
 Some hang suspended on the whirling wheel;
 There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire,
 Chain'd down for ever in a chair of fire.
 There Phlegyas feels unutterable woe, 860
 And roars incessant thro' the shades below;
 Be just, ye mortals! by these torments aw'd,
 These dreadful torments, not to scorn a god.
 This wretch his country to a tyrant sold,
 And barter'd glorious liberty for gold. 865
 Laws for a bribe he past, but past in vain,
 For those same laws a bribe repeal'd again.
 This wretch by hot preposterous lust was led,
 To climb and violate his daughter's bed.
 To some enormous crimes they all aspir'd; 870
 All feel the torments that those crimes requir'd!
 Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
 A voice of brass, and adamantine lungs,

Not

Not half the mighty scene could I disclose,
Repeat their crimes, or count their dreadful woes!--- 875
But haste, brave prince, to hell's great empress pay
The destin'd present, and pursue thy way.
For lo! the high cyclopean walls are near,
And in full view the massy gates appear.
On these the gods enjoin thee to bestow 880
The sacred offering of the golden bough.
This said, they journey'd thro' the solemn gloom,
And reach'd at length the proud imperial dome:
With eager speed his course the hero bore,
With living streams his body sprinkled o'er, 885
And fix'd the glittering present on the door.
These rites compleat, they reach the flowery plains;
The verdant groves where endless pleasure reigns.
Here glowing æther shoots a purple ray,
And o'er the region pours a double day. 890
From sky to sky th'unweary'd splendor runs,
And nobler planets roll round brighter suns.
Some wrestle on the sands; and some, in play
And games heroic, pass the hours away.
Those raise the song divine, and these advance 895
In measur'd steps to form the solemn dance.
There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,
In seven divisions strikes the sounding lyre;
Across the chords the quivering quill he flings,
Or with his flying fingers sweeps the strings. 900
Here Teucer's antient race the prince surveys,
The race of heroes born in happier days:
Ilus, Assaracus in arms rever'd,
And Troy's great founder Dardanus appear'd:

Before

Before him stalk'd the tall majestic train,
 And pitch'd their idle lances in the plain.
 Their arms and airy chariots he beheld;
 The steeds unharnes'd, graz'd the flowery field.
 Those pleasing cares the heroes felt, alive,
 For chariots, steeds and arms, in death survive. 905
 Some on the verdant plains were stretch'd along;
 Sweet to the ear, their tuneful pæans rung.
 Others beneath a laurel grove were laid,
 And joyful feasted in the fragrant shade.
 Here, glittering thro' the trees, his eyes survey 915
 The streams of Po descending from the day.
 Here a blest train advance along the meads,
 And snowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads:
 Patriots who perish'd for their country's right,
 Or nobly triumph'd in the field of fight: 920
 There, holy priests, and sacred poets stood,
 Who sung with all the raptures of a god:
 Worthies, who life by useful arts refin'd,
 With those, who leave a deathless name behind,
 Friends of the world; and fathers of mankind! 925 }
 This shining band the priestess thus address,
 But chief Musæus, tow'ring o'er the rest;
 So high the poet's lofty stature spreads
 Above the train; and overtops their heads!
 Say, happy souls! and thou, blest poet, say, 930
 Where dwells Anchises, and direct our way?
 For him we took the dire infernal road,
 And stem'd huge Acheron's tremendous flood,
 To whom the bard---Unsettled we remove,
 As pleasure calls; from verdant grove to grove; 935
 Stretch'd

Stretch'd on the flowery meads, at ease wellie,
 And hear the silver rills run bubbling by.
 Come then, ascend this point, and hence survey
 By yon' descent an open easy way.
 He spoke, then stalk'd before; and from the brow
 Points out the fair enamel'd fields below.
 They leave the proud ærial height again,
 And pleas'd bend downward to the blissful plain.

Anchises there, the heroe's fire divine,
 Deep in the vale had rang'd his glorious line;
 Rank behind rank, his joyful eyes survey
 The chiefs in bright succession rise to day.
 He counts th' illustrious race with studious cares,
 Their deeds, their fates, their victories and wars.
 Soon as his lov'd Æneas he beheld,
 His dear, dear son, advancing o'er the field;
 Eager he stretch'd his longing arms, and shed
 A stream of tears, and thus with transport said:
 Then has thy long-try'd pious love surpass'd
 The dreadful road, to meet thy fire at last?

Oh! is it given to see, nor see alone,
 But hear, and answer to my godlike son?
 This I presag'd, indeed, as late I ran
 O'er times and seasons; nor presag'd in vain.
 From what strange lands, what stormy seas and skies
 Returns my son, to bless my longing eyes?
 How did my anxious mind your danger move,
 Then, when in Carthage you indulg'd your love!

Your shade, the prince replies, your angry shade,
 In many a frightful vision I survey'd.
 By your behest I came to these abodes;
 My fleet lies anchor'd in the tuscan floods:

Give

- Give me, o father! give thy hand, nor shun
 The dear embraces of a duteous son.
 While yet he spoke, the tender sorrows rise,
 And the big drops run-trickling from his eyes. 970
- Thrice round his neck his eager arms he threw;
 Thrice from his empty arms the phantom flew,
 Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
 Swift as a fleeting vision of the night. 975
- Meantime the hero saw, with wondering eyes,
 Deep in a vale a waving forest rise:
 Thro' those sequester'd scenes slow Lethe glides,
 And in low murmurs lulls her slumbering tides:
 Unnumber'd ghosts around the waters throng, 980
 And o'er the brink the airy nations hung.
- So to the meads in glowing summer pour
 The clustering bees, and rife every flow'r:
 O'er the sweet lilies hang the busy swarms;
 The fields remurmur to the deep alarms. 985
- Struck with the sight, the prince astonish'd stood;
 Oh! say, why throng such numbers to the flood?
 Or what the nature of the wond'rous tide,
 And who the crowds?—To whom the fire reply'd:
 To all those souls who round the river wait, 990
 New mortal bodies are decreed by fate.
- To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,
 And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.
 How have I wish'd before thee to display
 These my descendants, e'er they rise to day! 995
- Thus shalt thou Latium find with double joy,
 Since fate has fix'd th' eternal throne of Troy.—
 O father! say, can heavenly souls repair
 Once more to earth, and breathe the vital air?

What!

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What!----can they covet their corporeal chain? 1000

Gods!----can the wretches long for life again!----

Attend, he cry'd, while I unfold the whole,

And clear these wonders that amaze thy soul.

Then the great fire the scheme before him lays,

And thus each awful secret he displays: 1005

Know first, a spirit, with an active flame,

Fills, feeds and animates the mighty frame;

Runs thro' the watry worlds, the fields of air,

The pond'rous earth, the depths of heav'n; and there

Glow in the sun and moon, and burns in every star,

Thus, mingling with the mass, the general soul

Lives in the parts, and agitates the whole.

From that celestial energy began

The low-brow'd brute; th' imperial race of man;

The painted birds who wing th' aerial plain, 1015

And all the mighty monsters of the main.

Their souls at first from high Olympus came;

And, if not blunted by the mortal frame,

Th' ethereal fires would ever burn the same;

But while on earth, by earth-born passions tost, 1020

The heavenly spirits lie extinct and lost;

Nor steal one glance, before their bodies die,

From those dark dungeons to their native sky.

Ev'n when those bodies are to death resign'd,

Some old inherent spots are left behind; 1025

A sully'ing tincture of corporeal stains

Deep in the substance of the soul remains.

Thus are her splendors dimm'd, and crust'd o'er

With those dark vices, that she knew before.

For this the souls a various penance pay, 1030

To purge the taint of former crimes away:

Some

Some in the sweeping breezes are refin'd,
 And hung on high to whiten in the wind:
 Some cleanse their stains beneath the gushing streams,
 And some rise glorious from the searching flames. 1035
 Thus all must suffer; and, those sufferings past,
 The clouded minds are purify'd at last.
 But when the circling seasons, as they roll,
 Have cleans'd the dross long-gather'd round the soul;
 When the celestial fire, divinely bright, 1040
 Breaks forth victorious in her native light;
 Then we, the chosen few, Elysium gain,
 And here expatiate on the blissful plain.
 But those thin airy throngs thy eyes behold,
 When o'er their heads a thousand years have roll'd, 1045
 In mighty crowds to yon' lethæan flood
 Swarm at the potent summons of the god;
 There the deep draught of dark oblivion drain;
 Then they desire new bodies to obtain,
 And visit heaven's ethereal realms again. 1050
 This said, the fire conducts their steps along
 Thro' the loud tumult of th' aerial throng;
 Then climb'd a point, and every face descry'd,
 As the huge train prest forward to the tide:
 Now hear, while I display our race divine, 1055
 And the long glories of our dardan line,
 The noble roman heroes, who shall rise
 From trojan blood, successive, to the skies.
 This mighty scene of wonders I relate,
 And open all thy glorious future fate. 1060
 First then behold yon' blooming youth appear,
 That heroe leaning on his shining spear!

This,

This, thy last son, thy hoary age shall grace,
 Thy first brave offspring of the latian race;
 From fair Lavinia in the groves he springs, 1065
 A king, and father of a race of kings;
 Sylvius his name; proud Alba shall he sway,
 And to his sons th' imperial pow'r convey.
 See! where the youth, already wing'd to rise,
 Stands on the verge of life, and claims the skies. 1070
 Procas the next behold, a chief divine,
 Procas, the glory of the trojan line;
 Capys and Numitor there pant for fame;
 There a new * Sylvius bears thy mighty name;
 Like thee, just, great and good, for valour known, 1075
 The chief shall mount th' imperial alban throne!
 What strength each youth displays!—But who are those
 With civic crowns around their manly brows?
 By those shall Gabii and Nomentum rise,
 And proud collatian tow'rs invade the skies. 1080
 Then Faunus' town with turrets shall be crown'd,
 And fair Fidena stretch her ramparts round.
 Then Bola too shall rise, of mighty fame;
 Unpeopled now they lie, and lands without a name!
 Bright Ilia, sprung from trojan blood, shall bear 1085
 Yon' glorious heroe to the god of war:
 Behold great Romulus, her victor son;
 Whose sword restores his grandfire to the throne.
 Lo! from his helmet what a glory plays!
 And Jove's own splendors round his temples blaze. 1090
 From this brave prince, majestic Rome shall rise;
 The boundless earth her empire shall comprize;
 Her fame and valour tow'r above the skies!

Sev'n

* Sylvius Æneas.

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Sev'n ample hills th' imperial city grace,
 Who nobly glories in her martial race; 1095
 Proud of her sons, she lifts her head on high;
 Proud, as the mighty mother of the sky,
 When thro' the phrygian towns, sublime in air,
 She rides triumphant in her golden car,
 Crown'd with a nodding diadem of tow'rs, 1100
 And counts her offspring, the celestial pow'rs,
 A shining train, who fill the blest abode,
 A hundred sons, and every son a god!----
 Turn, turn thine eyes! See here thy race divine,
 Behold thy own imperial roman line: 1105
 Cæsar, with all the julian name, survey;
 See where the glorious ranks ascend to day!
 This----this is he!----the chief so long foretold
 To bless the land where Saturn rul'd of old,
 And give the latian realms a second age of gold! 1115
 The promis'd prince, Augustus the divine,
 Of Cæsar's race, and Jove's immortal line!
 This mighty chief his empire shall extend
 O'er indian realms, to earth's remotest end,
 The heroe's rapid victories out-run 1120
 The year's whole course, the stars, and journeys of the sun!
 Where, high in air, huge Atlas' shoulders rise,
 Support th' ethereal lights, and prop the rolling skies!
 He comes!---He comes!---proclaim'd by every god!
 Nile hears the shout, and shakes in every flood, 1125
 Proud Asia flies before his dire alarms,
 And distant nations tremble at his arms.
 So many realms not great Alcides past,
 Not, when the brazen-footed hind he chas'd;

O'er

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O'er Erymanthus' steep the boar pursu'd;
Or drew the huge lernæan monster's blood.
Nor Bacchus such a length of regions knew,
When on his car the god in triumph flew,
And shook the reins, and urg'd the fiery wheels,
Whirl'd by swift tigers down the indian hills. --- 1135

And doubt we yet, by virtuous deeds to rise,
When fame, when empire, is the certain prize?
Rise, rise, my son; thy latian foes o'ercome!
Rise, the great founder of majestic Rome!

But who that * chief, who crown'd with olive stands, 1140
And holds the sacred reliques in his hands?

I know the pious roman king from far,
The silver beard, and venerable hair;
Call'd from his little barren field away,
To pomp of empire and the regal sway. 1145

Tullus the next succeeds, whose loud alarms
Shall rouse the slumb'ring sons of Rome to arms.

Inspir'd by him, the soft unwarlike train
Repeat their former triumphs o'er again.

Lo Ancus there!----the giddy crowd he draws, 1150
And swells too much with popular applause.

Now woud'st thou Tarquin's haughty race behold,
Or fierce avenging Brutus, brave and bold?

See the stern chief stalk awful o'er the plain,
The glorious chief, who breaks the tyrant's chain! 1155

He to his ax shall proud rebellion doom,
The first great consul of his rescu'd Rome!

His sons (who arm, the Tarquins to maintain,
And fix oppression in the throne again,)

* Numa Pompilius.

He nobly yields to justice, in the cause
Of sacred freedom, and insulted laws. 1160

Tho' harsh th'unhappy father may appear,
The judge compells the fire to be severe;
And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move,
To sink the private in the public love. 1165

Like him, Torquatus, for stern justice known,
Dooms to the ax his brave victorious son,
Behold the Drusi, prodigal of blood!
The Decii, dying for their country's good!
Behold Camillus there; that chief shall come 1170
With four proud triumphs to imperial Rome.

Lo! in bright arms two spirits rise to fight!
How strict their friendship in the realms of night!
How fierce their discord when they spring to light!
How furious in the field will both appear!
With what dire slaughter! what a waste of war! 1175

Impetuous to the fight the father pours
From the steep Alps, and tall ligurian tow'rs,
The son, with servile monarchs in his train,
Leads the whole eastern world, and spreads the plain. 1180

Oh! check your wrath, my sons; the nations spare;
And save your country from the woes of war;
Nor in her sacred breast, with rage abhor'd,
So fiercely plunge her own victorious sword!

And thou, be thou the first; thy arms resign, 1185
Thou, my great son, of Jove's celestial line!

Yon' * chief shall vanquish all the grecian pow'rs,
And lay in dust the proud corinthian tow'rs,
Drive to the capitol his gilded car,
And grace the triumph with the spoils of war. 1190

That

* *Lucius Mummius.*

That * chief shall stretch fair Argos on the plain,
 And the proud seat of Agamemnon's reign,
 O'ercome th' æacian & king, of race divine,
 Sprung from the great Achilles' glorious line;
 Avenge Minerva's violated fane, 1195
 And the great spirits of thy fathers slain.
 What tongue, just Cato, can thy praise forbear?
 Or each brave Scipio's noble deeds declare,
 Africk's dread foes; two thunderbolts of war!
 Who can the bold Fabricius' worth repeat, 1200
 In pride of poverty divinely great;
 Call'd by his bleeding country's voice, to come
 From the rude plow, and rule imperial Rome!
 Tir'd as I am the glorious roll to trace,
 Where am I snatch'd by the long fabian race? 1205
 See where the || patriot shines, whose prudent care
 Preserves his country by protracted war!--
 The subject nations, with a happier grace,
 From the rude stone may call the mimic face, 1210
 Or with new life inform the breathing brass:
 Shine at the bar, describe the stars on high,
 The motions, laws, and regions of the sky:
 Be this your nobler praise, in time to come,
 These your imperial arts, ye sons of Rome!
 O'er distant realms to stretch your awful sway, 1215
 To bid those nations tremble and obey;
 To crush the proud, the suppliant foe to rear,
 To give mankind the peace, or shake the world with war!--
 He said----awhile their ravish'd eyes admire
 The wond'rous scenes:--when thus proceeds the fire: 1220

K

See

* *T. Quintius Flaminius.* § *Philip King of Macedon.*
 || *Q. Fabius Maximus.*

See! where Marcellus tow'rs above the train,
And bears the regal trophies from the plain.
Endanger'd Rome shall bless his guardian care,
And stand unshaken in a storm of war.
Carthage and Gaul the hero's might shall prove, 1225
The third who hangs th' imperial spoils to Jove.---
With him the trojan prince a youth beheld
In shining arms advancing o'er the field;
A beauteous form; but clouds his front furround,
And his dim eyes were fixt upon the ground. 1230
Say, who that youth (he cries) o'ercast with grief;
The youth who follows that victorious chief?
His son? or one of his illustrious line?
What numbers shout around the form divine!
His port how noble! how august his frame! 1235
How like the former! and how near the same!
But gloomy shades his pensive brows o'erspread,
And a dark cloud involves his beauteous head.
Seek not, my son, replies the sire, to know
(And, as he spoke, the gushing sorrows flow,) 1240
What woes the gods to thy descendants doom,
What endless grief to every son of Rome!
This youth on earth the Fates but just display,
And soon, too soon, they snatch the gift away!
Had Rome for ever held the glorious prize, 1245
Her bliss had rais'd the envy of the skies!
Oh! from the martial field what cries shall come!
What groans shall echo thro' the streets of Rome!
How shall old Tyber, from his oozy bed,
In that sad moment rear his reverend head, 1250
The length'ning pomp and funeral to survey,
When by the mighty tomb he takes his mournful way!
A youth

A youth of nobler hopes shall never rise,
 Nor glad like him the latian fathers eyes:
 And Rome, proud Rome shall boast, she never bore, 1253
 From age to age, so brave a son before!
 Honour and fame, alas! and antient truth
 Revive and die with that illustrious youth!
 In vain embattled troops his arms oppose:
 In every field he tames his country's foes, 1260
 Whether on foot he marches in his might,
 Or spurs his fiery courser to the fight.
 Poor pitied youth! the glory of the state!
 Oh! cou'dst thou shun the dreadful stroke of fate,
 Rome shou'd in thee behold, with ravish'd eyes, 1265
 Her pride, her darling,---her Marcellus rise!
 Bring fragrant flow'rs, the whitest lilies bring,
 With all the purple beauties of the spring;
 These gifts at least, these honours I'll bestow
 On the dear youth, to please his shade below!--- 1270
 Thus, while the wond'rous scenes employ their sight,
 They rove with pleasure in the fields of light.

When the great sire had taught his son the whole,
 And with the roman glories fir'd his soul;
 Next to the list'ning heroes he declares 1275
 His toils in Latium, and successive wars;
 Gives him their nations and their towns to know,
 And how to shun, or suffer every woe.

Two gates the silent courts of Sleep adorn,
 That of pale ivory, this of lucid horn. 1280
 Thro' this, true visions take their airy way,
 Thro' that, false phantoms mount the realms of day.
 Then to the ivory gate he led them on,
 And there dismiss'd the priestess and his son.

Now the great chief, returning to the main, 1285
Reviews his fleet, and glads his friends again.
Then, steering by the strand, he plows the sea,
And to Caieta's port directs his way.
There all the fleet the crooked anchors moor;
And the tall ships stood rang'd along the shore. 1290

The END of the SIXTH BOOK.



VIRGIL's